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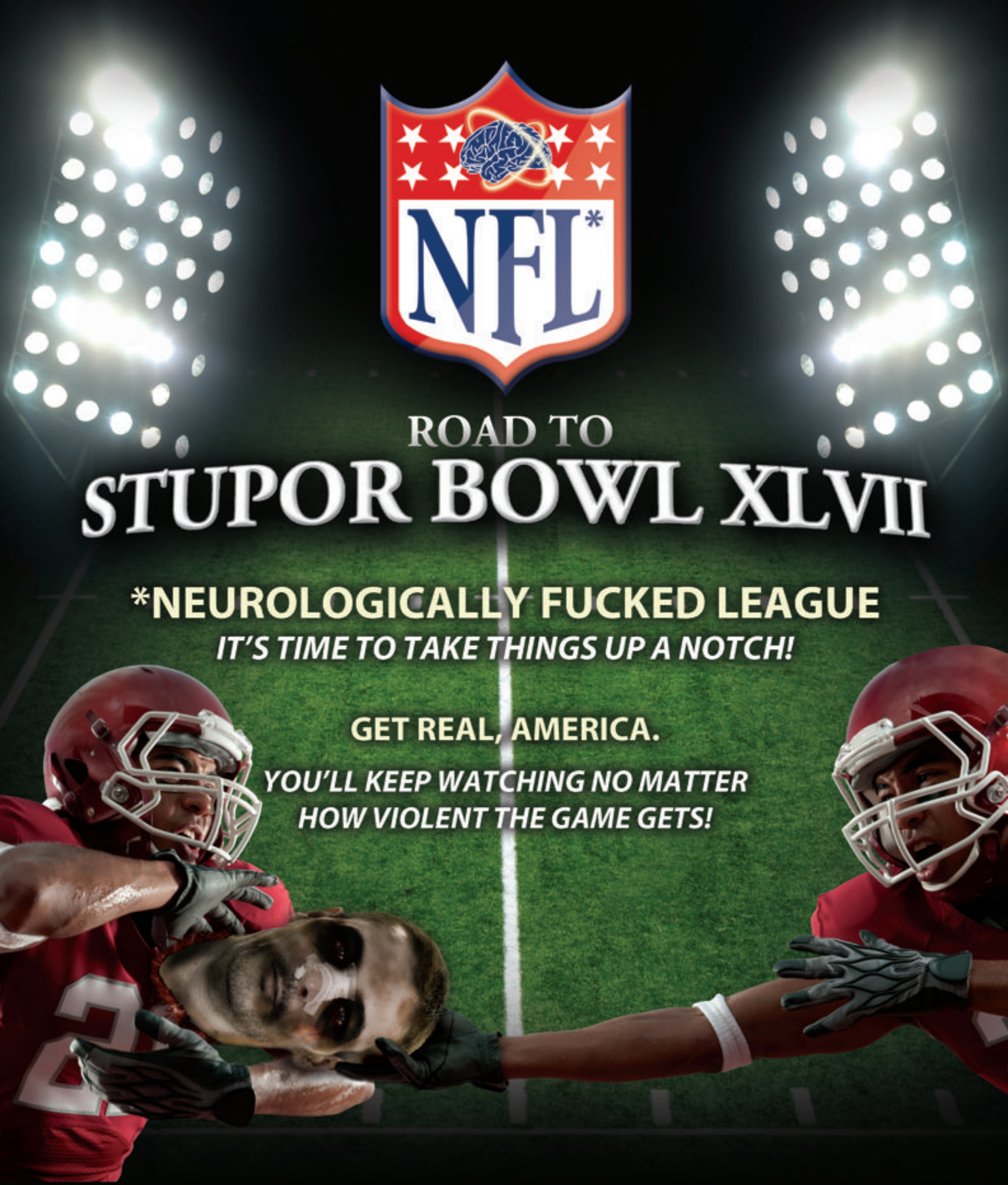

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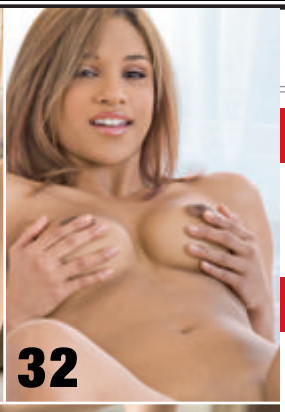

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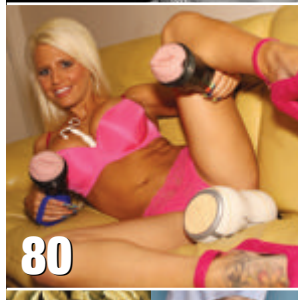

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PROSTITUTION IS A PROFESSION

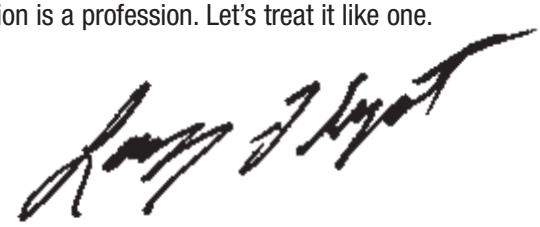
As the 2012 election battle gained momentum, the White House candidates had one serious competitor for headlines: the Zumba Madam. Alexis Wright—a fitness instructor in Kennebunk, Maine—had serviced a lengthy list of well-heeled johns for a year and a half before getting busted. To their dismay, Ms. Wright kept accurate records.

In Maine, hiring a hooker is just a misdemeanor. Prostitution is next to legal already. But the Zumba Madam johns' real fear was the Scarlet Letter factor: Being named and shamed as a consort of harlots in puritanical New England is a fate worse than prison. Anyone who doesn't laugh at the idiocy of that in the 21st century is stuck in a prudish past.

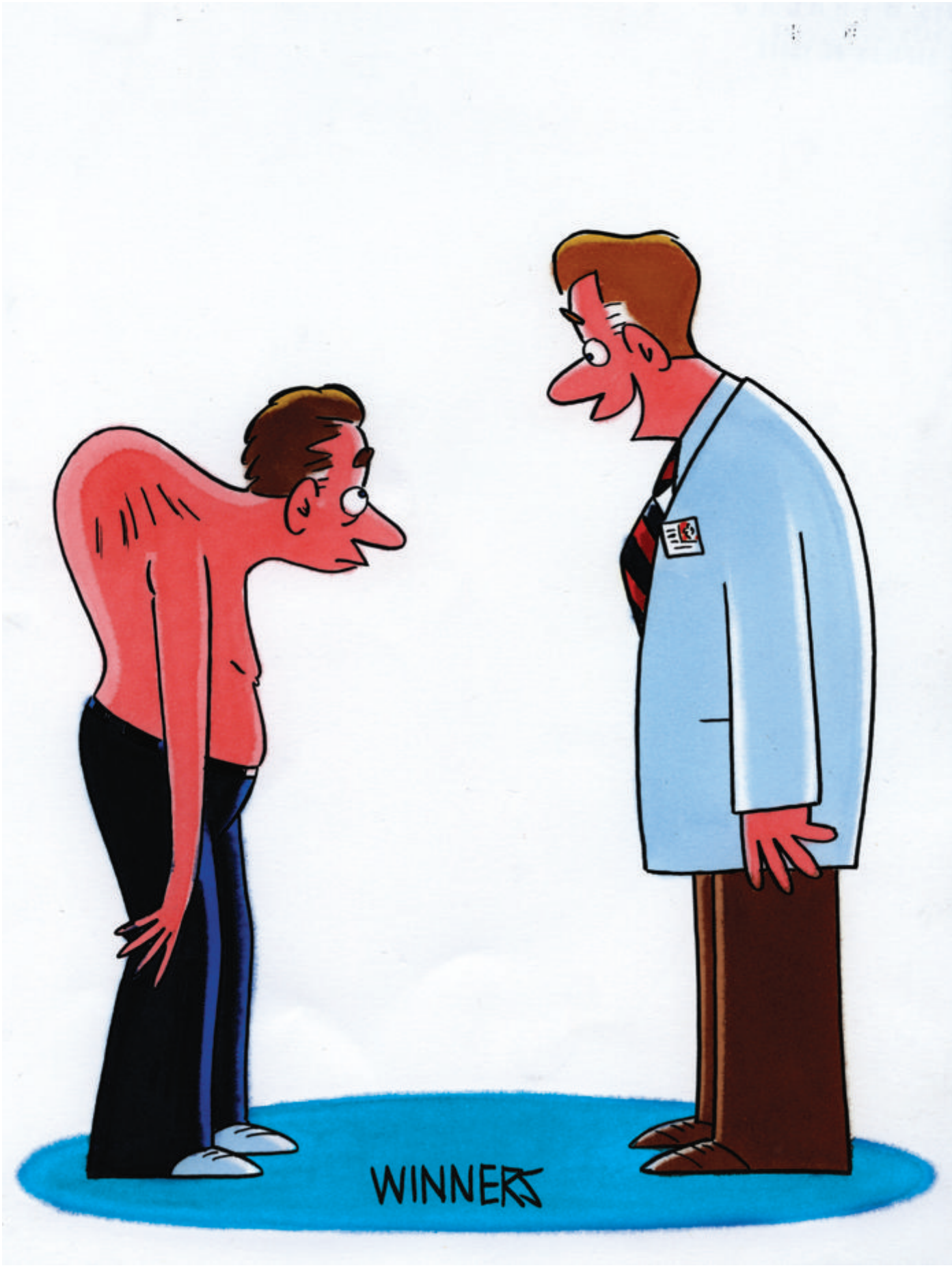
This sort of scandal pops up again and again. Sure, it makes for sexy copy, but it's getting stale—even for me.

In a sensible world the Zumba Madam's lucrative sideline should have been registered as a legitimate business, and the community should have been able to benefit from the resulting tax revenues. Everywhere prostitution has been legalized, the safety of the industry has improved, and—wonder of wonders—society did not collapse!

It's about time we recognized that the powerful urges driving humans are not evil. They're what has allowed us to evolve, and repressing them will only make us sick. As long as there's a sex drive, people will cash in on it. Like it or not, prostitution is a profession. Let's treat it like one.



Larry Flynt
Publisher



"Things could be worse. You could've been born a goddamn Republican."

TOXIC REALITY

THE FINANCIAL INDUSTRY'S AWESOME POWER OVER THE WHITE HOUSE HAS ALLOWED THE GREED MERCHANTS TO RUN WILD AT THE EXPENSE OF THE MIDDLE CLASS AND DEMOCRACY.

So here we go again. Another grand electoral battle in the world's most celebrated democracy decided by largely ignorant voters heeding the power of money to deceive. Effectively befuddling the public with false arguments and insignificant choices, the 2012 Presidential election resolved nothing while leaving the nation in dire straits.

The reason is that the Wall Street hustlers who control both parties will continue to take no responsibility for cleaning up the economic disaster they created. Instead they will correctly expect that their massive campaign expenditures will guarantee further bailouts of ridiculously low interest money from a Federal Reserve System that is run by and for the bankers. A system abetted by a Treasury Department managed by former and future bankers who cater to the super wealthy while ignoring the plight of their victims.

At the heart of this mess is a still-moribund housing market that is in the toilet because of all the lousy mortgages the banksters packaged into toxic securities. Yet on the eve of the election, the Federal Reserve announced that it would buy $40 billion of the banks' toxic securities every month in a continuing effort to make those swindlers whole. That's on top of the $2 trillion already wasted on bailing out the banks.

That's the policy initiated by Republican President George W. Bush and maintained by Democrat Barack Obama. Thanks to that bipartisan agreement to put the bankers in the lifeboats as the economy was sinking, the bandits who caused this catastrophe were rescued while their victims were left to drown or at best tread water. After the worst economic crisis since the Great Depression, tens of millions of middle-class Americans were left unemployed and foreclosed. But the bankers who screwed them royally were hardly hurting.

According to the New York State Comptroller, who monitors Wall Street's coffers, the average pay in the financial industry was an astounding $362,590 in 2011, a 16.6% jump over the past two years. Amazingly, even though Obama acted like a Republican in enriching Wall Street while impoverishing Main Street, the banking scoundrels wanted more. Their favoring Mitt Romney was a blackmail ploy to whip the Democrats back into line, as the differences between the two parties on holding Wall Street accountable are minuscule.

But don't take my word for it. For damning evidence of how the super rich control America's two-party system, check out the recent book by Sheila Bair. A lifelong Republican, Bair was Bush's choice to head the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. She was reappointed by President Obama to continue leading the FDIC, which was created to ensure that banks serve the public interest. Bair's *Bull by the Horns: Fighting to Save Main Street From Wall Street and Wall Street From Itself* is a confessional tale of her inability to do that because of the financial conglomerates' awesome power over both administrations.

As a key, if outgunned, participant in meetings with Treasury and Fed officials, who kowtowed to the demands of the banking lobby, Bair documents the bipartisan culpability in betraying the common but false rhetoric of concern for the ripped-off middle class. Read her details of how Timothy Geithner, then head of the powerful New York Fed, acted in lockstep with Hank Paulson—the former Goldman Sachs CEO whom Bush appointed Treasury secretary—and tell me our elections provide a significant choice when it comes to regulating the economy.

Geithner, whom Obama appointed to replace Paulson, was a protégé of Robert Rubin, the Treasury secretary under Bill Clinton who worked with GOP Congressional leaders to dismantle the regulatory structure that for seven decades had kept the greed merchants of Wall Street from running wild. But once Rubin got Clinton to sign off on legislation ending the Glass-Steagall barrier between investment and commercial banks, there was no limit on the greed of the too-big-to-fail monstrosities that emerged.

That's the take-away story from the 2012 Presidential election. Money talks, and the rapidly accelerating concentration of political power in the hands of a super-wealthy clique unleashed by a Supreme Court beholden to the fat-cat class is an obituary for America's experiment in democracy.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

MRS. GOLDBLUM, WE KNOW YOU'VE BEEN WITH THE COMPANY SINCE THE BEGINNING, BUT THE BEAN COUNTERS SAY WE HAVE TO LET YOU GO.
I'M YOUR MOTHER, YOU PRICKS!

"It's amazing how they keep finding ways of getting us to watch the Kardashian reality show…"

WE'RE NOT ALL CRIMINALS AND TERRORISTS

THE USE OF SURVEILLANCE DRONES ON AMERICAN SOIL IS ANOTHER ATTACK ON CITIZENS' CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT TO PRIVACY.

I was shocked and very pleased to see "Police Chiefs Urge Limits on Use of Drones" headlining a *USA Today* article. As more local police departments acquire—or anticipate "deputizing"— unmanned aircraft to conduct surveillance from our own skies, what could be troubling the mighty International Association of Chiefs of Police, whose members want to ride herd over domestic drones?

Explains Don Roby, chairman of the IACP's Aviation Committee, "It's very important that people understand that we won't be up there with armed predator drones firing away." Adds Roby, a Baltimore police captain, "Every time you hear someone talking about the use of these vehicles, it's always in the context of a military operation. That's not what we're talking about."

Come on, Captain, not all of us are that square. The Rutherford Institute's John W. Whitehead knows exactly what you're talking about. In an online article, "Privacy Rights Battleground Just Beginning," he warns us of the plain, cold truth: "We have entered a new and frightening age when advancing technology is erasing the Fourth Amendment. … Some states are proposing to use drones to track citizens and closely monitor individuals based on the mere suspicions of law-enforcement officers."

Where I live, in New York City, this flimsy suspicion can be based on anyone's "furtive movements." Eyes front and watch your posture!

During the stormy prelude to the 2012 Presidential elections, with both candidates calling it the most important in our history, drones were nearly out of sight and out of mind—as well as mounting evidence that the Fourth Amendment's life is hanging by a thread.

On Capitol Hill, one of the most ardent defenders of citizens' right to privacy is Senator Rand Paul (R-Kentucky), who keeps a much lower profile than his explosive father, fellow libertarian Ron Paul. Rand Paul has little patience with rhetoric and tries to actually get something done. His legislative focus is to mandate that *all* authorities must go to court and get warrants before using drones here at home. As *USA Today* noted, the only exceptions Rand Paul makes are "when the aircraft is being used to patrol the borders, when there is a threat of terrorist attack or in cases when life is threatened."

When introducing his legislation, Senator Paul demanded, "Americans going about their everyday lives should not be treated like criminals or terrorists and have their rights infringed upon by military tactics." Such "old-fashioned" Americans as George Washington, James Madison and Thomas Jefferson would have applauded that.

To help you visualize what domestic drones will look like and cost, let's return to the *USA Today* article. It quoted Ben Gielow, general counsel of the Association of Unmanned Vehicle Systems International, which represents firms eager to produce pint-sized surveillance aircraft: "The police drones…would likely weigh as little as five pounds and could represent a more affordable aviation option at a cost of $30,000 to $50,000, rather than a $3-million helicopter."

Gee, regardless of party affiliation, future Presidents will be strongly challenged to deal with budget deficits. So when it comes to lightweight drones invading our privacy, the Fourth Amendment can be whisked away on the cheap.

With this continually evolving closed-in sense of the future in mind, I once again turn to the grim wisdom of the late Learned Hand. Addressing an "I Am an American Day" event at New York City's Central Park, the federal judge proclaimed: "Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it. … A society in which men recognize no check upon their freedom soon becomes a society where freedom is the possession of only a savage few—as we have learned to our sorrow."

With Bush, Cheney, Obama and their savage minions executing what Cheney called "the dark side" not only abroad but also right here, how many Americans have recognized the extent of their disappearing individual rights and liberties spelled out in the Constitution? If and when they are all gone, including far more than what five-pound drones can take away, "the new normal"—as the ACLU has called the government's Big Brother mindset—will be permanent. Only our country's name will remain.

I often bring back Thomas Jefferson to warn us when democracy is threatened: Only we can bring America back to life. What would you say the odds are of that actually happening?

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.

"Sorry...no pets!"

"Life's not so bad, sir. What's that? You're Ann Coulter's boyfriend? Holy shit! Put that gun barrel in your mouth and pull the trigger—now!"

LAURA INGRAHAM

You can tell an asshole by what spews out of it. In 2012, while professional complainer Laura Ingraham was guest-hosting *The O'Reilly Factor* on Fox News, she finally blurted out her mantra in its most simpleton form: "I'd like for the Republicans to be in charge of everything."

As electioneering heated up and she realized not all loyalists were in step with Laura the Hun, she amended her lament, tweeting, "We need conservatives, before we need Republicans!" Not even today's throwback GOP has the anus-clenching skills Ingraham craves.

Ingraham employs a kind of pretzel logic that psychologists call the double bind: I'm right, and if you disagree, it's because you're wrong. Her "rule of thumb" says that "the more popular a conservative movement becomes, the more likely it will be attacked." Look out, Lindsay Lohan. There's a new thinker on the block.

Belchings like Ingraham's would be just the ravings of any old Tea Party jackboot if it weren't for the fact that Ingraham commands the fifth-largest audience in talk radio. Add to that the fact that her execrable books regularly make the *New York Times* bestseller list.

In 2010, Ingraham vomited up one of the most shreddable books ever written, *The Obama Diaries*. Its entire premise was bullshit hawked as satire: phony diaries designed to bamboozle her gullible followers. Lacking enough real material, Ingraham literally concocted a bunch of crapola to fit her agenda, then bitched about the Obamas based on the stuff she made up!

The real Barack Obama is a centrist Democrat with a bad habit of appeasing Republican whackos. But in Ingraham's repetitive rant, his administration has been an "onslaught of radicalism" led by an "outsize ego" with a "deeply distorted view of America."

Her presidential fixation is an elaborate replay of her hate-honing days as a hack reporter at Dartmouth College 30 years ago, when she tried to drive African-American professor Bill Cole out of his job. Why did she detest him? He was her opposite: black, liberal, fun and not afraid to fight back.

Obama rankles her racism even more. He's achieved more than she ever will and ignores her as the meaningless gnat she is. In the end, Obama will go down in history, and Ingraham's books will go into history's dustbin. Have fun choking on that pill, Laura.

Ingraham has fallen victim to the age-old fate of the chronic narcissist: Sooner or later you become what you hate. She accuses Obama of being an egomaniac while displaying her own ego at a fever pitch. She whines about liberals, then echoes their complaints about the excesses of our society.

Ironically, most of Ingraham's petty laments—collected in her 2012 bitchfest *Of Thee I Zing*—are about things driven by the unregulated greed and full-tilt commodity capitalism she worships. The shrinking size of airplane seats (a direct result of deregulation), Facebook (a corporate-marketing juggernaut) and teenagers hooked on texting (a boon for telecom giants). More and more, Ingraham sounds like what she detests: a whiny liberal.

Ingraham knows that the creaky existence of today's Republican Party relies on keeping its psychotic base angry. It doesn't really matter what they're angry about. It could be treating gays fairly, people giving children original names, or designer cupcakes and cellphones. Anything new and different, in other words. If Ingraham lived in the '50s, she'd be condemning rock 'n' roll as the devil's music.

Similarly, she bawled about the "pornification" of America in her 2007 book *Power to the People*, even railing against Larry Flynt for "legitimizing filth." We got news for you, Laura: The American people want that filth. They legitimize it with dollars. You say you love free enterprise and hate government meddling. You just described the porn industry!

Speaking of whorishness, talk rival Ed Schultz blurted out a verbal anachronism in 2011, calling Ingraham a "slut." He should have said she needs to be *more* of a slut. Not only would she be happier; she'd find out that nothing kills the party faster than everyone being the same.

Ingraham's own diaries are doubtless full of clues that she has stuffed her sexual preferences so deep into the closet, they're in the next room. In true Republican style, her homophobia is probably disgust at herself. She attacked "sodomites" at Dartmouth, going so far as to detest her own brother Curtis for being gay. (Can you blame him for opting out of women after growing up with a banshee like Laura?) Only after watching Curtis go through hell when his partner died of AIDS did Ingraham deign to talk to him again, probably just to revel in his suffering.

Ingraham's disturbed relationship with men is well-documented. One after another of her attempts to breed has come up barren. Ingraham's engagement to moneybags James Reyes imploded in 2005 following her breast-cancer diagnosis. (She sure knows how to pick 'em!) Mired in self-contempt, she no doubt respected Jimmy's rejection of a weakened fiancée. What red-blooded American man would stand by a woman with sick boobs? Only a pathetic liberal!

In 2012, as one Republican after another trivialized rape, Ingraham covered their asses by retweeting impotent claims like "God makes no mistakes," and "Earth to GOP men: When u r asked abt rape + abortion, consider that the interviewer is not your friend & cierra la boca!" Seriously, Laura, how self-loathing do you have to be to shill for a bunch of backward misogynists who haven't seen a vagina since Watergate?

In light of her panty twist when it comes to sex, it's no accident that Ingraham signed on to a religion scores of reasonable people spend their lives trying to run from. Catholicism suits her. It's a perverted, corrupt, anti-sex, totalitarian religion with an illustrious history of torture, misogyny and racism.

As for atheists, Ingraham thinks they should act as if evangelicals aren't wrecking their country. "If you don't believe something to be true," she writes, "wouldn't you just ignore it?" Did Jews do well just ignoring the Nazis? Did blacks do well just ignoring segregation? And since when did Ingraham, who makes her living being the bitter crank-next-door, ever "just ignore" anything?

We don't need fabricated diaries to know that her mind is a weird funhouse of hate. Her books and media barrages testify to that. When Laura Ingraham says she wants right-wingers "in charge of everything," she really means herself. Could there be a more perfect hell?

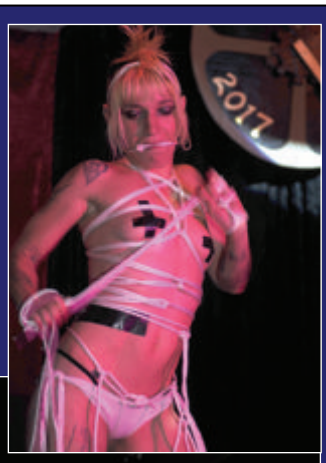
YANK PLANK

Planking—lying facedown as stiff as a board in unusual places—is already passé with photo-sharing hipsters. The cool kids may have moved on to Tebowing, owling and Eastwooding, but Angga Pratama has been busy putting her own spin on cultural trends with "Planking 18+." Pratama, an Indonesian artist living in Holland, lensed a series of photographs that depict planking performed by a hot chick in the nude instead of a dude in skinny jeans with a scraggly beard and ironically oversized glasses. We like Angga's style.

For more, visit **AnggaPratama.com**.

SAN AN-BONE-IO

If everything is bigger in Texas, then it stands to reason that residents of the Lone Star State boast some mighty impressive freak flags. Now, thanks to the San Antonio Fetish Ball, they have a place to fly them. This annual event is the brainchild of Steve Shieldes, whose Temple of Flesh production company has been staging the kinky hoedown in the Alamo City since 1996. More than 500 people flocked to the 2012 bash, which was hosted by extreme-sex goddess Dana DeArmond and featured human chandeliers, a fully equipped dungeon and XXX beauty Gen Padova as a special guest. Not bad. The next ball, which will have a "raygun gothic" theme, is set for March 30, 2013. For more information, visit **SAfetishball.com.**



Dana DeArmond & Gen Padova

Human Chandelier

"There's no shortage of pussy; it's just the delivery system that's messed up." —ROY SCHENK, WRITER

PHOTOS BY JAMES OLSEN WITH ENTICINGPIXELS.COM

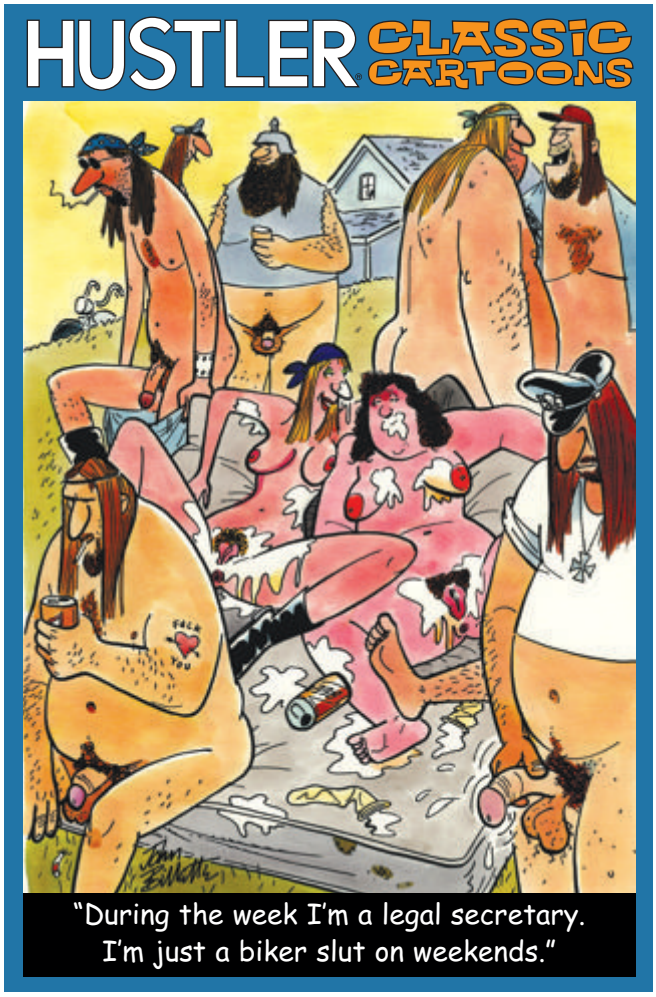
CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Anne Hathaway LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Anne Hathaway, who most recently starred in *Les Miserables*, continues to make audiences miserable by refusing to act in a movie that includes an explicit oral sex scene. Surely some brilliant screenwriter can conjure up an enticing role that just so happens to include an onscreen blowjob. Something like *Sophie's Choice Meets Deep Throat* or *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf Meets Cum-Guzzling Slatterns #55*.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Anne Hathaway actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

This lady seems unsure how to administer oral sex on such a well-hung fellow. It looks more like she's playing a Hall & Oates song on the flesh saxophone than giving a blowjob. Thanks to L.S.K. of Asheville, North Carolina, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Talk is what you suffer through so you can get to sex." —WOODY ALLEN, FILMMAKER

BICYCLING IN THE BUFF

Thankfully, young activists all over the globe have realized that nudity is a great way to capture the media's attention. In recent demonstrations against vehicular pollution, naked bicyclists have been spotted rolling down the streets of major cities, notably Los Angeles, Amsterdam, São Paulo (Brazil) and Guadalajara (Mexico). Protests like these are a joyous occasion for many segments of society, from hard-core environmentalists to the International Brotherhood of Bicycle Seat Sniffers.

PHOTO BY AFP/GETTY IMAGES

PHOTO BY LATINCONTENT/GETTY IMAGES

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"Man and woman, love, what is it? A cork and a bottle." —JAMES JOYCE, IRISH NOVELIST

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Below the Blue Belt

I just gotta say the shots of Yurizan Beltran [*The Real Deal*] in the December '12 issue got to me good. She's beautiful in the blue dress, and the shot where she lifts the dress and moves her panties to the side, all I thought was, *Luscious bubble-gum lips!* Nice, man. She's the complete package. **—Lou**
Lowell, Massachusetts

Beaver Buffet

I loved the *Beaver Hunt* section in the December '12 issue. It totally drove me crazy. All the ladies were hot! Drea has been the subject of many fantasies. A stripper and cheerleader who would look great getting her hair pulled, her pussy

Drea knows what to do.

filled with cherries and chocolate and eaten out while she's spread out on my dining-room table. If she were my girlfriend, I'd be teasing her with my nine-inch cock.

But the girl who really had my cock throbbing was Iccy. I'd love to make her fantasy a reality by being dominated by myself and four of my friends. I'd tie her up, blindfold her, spank her, slap her face, gag her, choke her and fill all her holes at the same time. Please put Iccy in a full HUSTLER layout. Thank you for all the great *Beaver Hunt* sections. **—Shawn Connelly**
Kansas City, Missouri

Kink and Pink

Hello, HUSTLER staff! I'm 29 years old, and I've been a loyal HUSTLER reader/watcher for about 15 years now. My wife April also is a fan. We will not, I repeat, will not buy any other publication, as I feel it would be disrespectful toward Mr. Flynt, who is one of my few idols and a hero for taking a bullet for our freedom.

We love everything about the magazine, especially the women! We just have a few complaints/suggestions about the pictorials, which have progressively gone downhill in the past few years.

First, I would really like to see the whole woman from head to toe! Yes, I do have a foot fetish, but that's not the point. There are too many close-ups, and I know I'm not the only one who feels this way! *Legworld* was a great rag, but bare feet and maybe some lingerie should be shown in the father publication!

Second, my wife loves HUSTLER as well. On her behalf, please bring back the girl-on-girl photo-spreads! She's been wanting to do *Beaver Hunt* since we've been together, but she won't until she sees progress from you guys!

Finally, would it kill you to include some kink? Nothing extreme, just a little anal play from time to time would be nice! And how about some FFM action? We are swingers and would like to see some of that in our favorite mag!

Other than that, keep up the great work! Hope to see even better work in the future so we can subscribe with the confidence that every issue will keep us hard and wet! **—Clayton and April**
Baltimore, Maryland

The Naked Truth

I'm writing to commend HUSTLER Research Editor Kimberly Cheng's excellent and entertaining writing skills. I just finished enjoying rereading an excellent article authored by Ms. Cheng in the December '11 issue, in which she outstandingly and amusingly belittled and rightly labeled Ginger Lee as a serial liar [*The XXX Star of Weinergate*].

December '12 looker Amber Sym had readers grabbing more than a pen.

I would like to see Ms. Cheng model in HUSTLER so I can find out if she is as beautiful as I imagine. In the meantime, I'd like to see her write more articles about porn stars who have screwed or e-screwed their way to the spotlight.

Finally, why isn't Ms. Mamie Van Doren writing a HUSTLER column anymore? **—Jeff Corporal**
Baltimore, Maryland

Thanks, Mr. Corporal, for your compliments. Look for more of Research Editor Kimberly Cheng and Mamie Van Doren in the future.

Living in Sym

My favorite girl in your December '12 issue, by far, is Amber Sym [*Symply Stunning*]. She has natural beauty! I'd like to suck on her perfect tits and lick her juicy pussy. I'd never seen or heard of her before. You guys should think about doing an article on Amber to introduce her to the world. She's so damn fuckable. **—Carter Williams**
New York, New York

Amber Sym in your December '12 issue is incredibly hot—her face, her breasts, her perfectly formed pussy! I just wish there had been more shots in the layout! There was a wasted photo that did nothing for me (where she's wearing all her clothes, and all you see is her backside). Aside from more pink, I also would have liked to see more of her face!

—Jerry Dominguez
Sacramento, California

One Man's Trash

Reading Brad Friedman's voter fraud article made me laugh [*The GOP "Voter Fraud" Fraud (2012 Edition)*, December '12]. It was a horrible piece of writing. Any person with any knowledge of critical thinking can read right through it.

I was looking forward to finding some solid facts to throw in the face of the conservative idiots at work. Instead, I read Friedman's opinions and a bunch of unsubstantiated facts.

One final thought on this crap article: Insulting the people whose opinion you are trying to change is a very poor strategy. **—Mark Wiley**
Denver, Colorado

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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BUSH
LEAGUE
RAVEN ROCKETTE

Raven Rockette pays tribute to the 1970s with her bountiful bush, but she was influenced by more than just the decade's pubic trends. "My idol is Joan Jett," the hard-core Runaways fan declares. "I wish I could've been alive back then and part of that band. Raising hell with Joan Jett and Lita Ford would've been awesome."

As an aspiring musician, **Raven** craves the spotlight. "I want to become famous for my music and singing someday," she muses. "Or possibly acting. I can do almost anything. I just want to leave my mark on the world somehow."

In her idle hours, **Raven** unwinds with humorous flicks like *Superbad* and *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World*. Plus she's addicted to *Weeds*, the long-running cable show about a suburban mom-turned-pot dealer. "I also read a lot," **Raven** says. "The *House of Night* series is great. Those are some of the best books I've ever read."

When the Sin City resident's nose isn't buried in a vampire novel, it stays busy sniffing out a good time. "I love to party and hang out with all kinds of people," **Raven** notes. "But it's best when I'm surrounded by people I'm truly close to, because I have the most fun when I can relax and be myself."

RAVEN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Las Vegas, Nevada | AGE: 18 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 115

WITCHBLADE'S

WILD SIDE

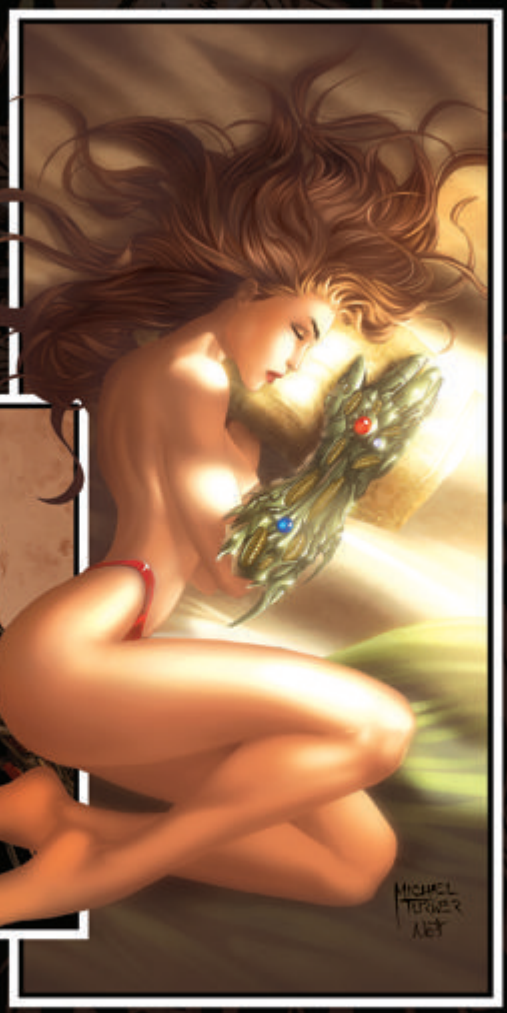
Epic and erotic, a cult phenomenon reanimates the dark art of the sexy superheroine as it heads to the big screen.

By Iann Robinson

Supergirl may have the shortest skirt, and Wonder Woman gets points for her love of bracelets and bondage, but few comic-book babes are as arousing as *Witchblade*'s Sara Pezzini. Launched in 1995, the Top Cow Comics series follows Sara as she attempts to balance life as a New York City homicide detective and a superheroine.

The Witchblade, a powerful artifact resembling a jewel-encrusted glove, is an offspring of the primal constants of the universe. It acts as a balance between The Angelus (the source of light and order) and The Darkness. Once the Witchblade finds a worthy female host, it can create wings, shields and swords, not to mention throw chains and shoot energy blasts—pretty much anything you can think of.

Witchblade's genesis came with comic-book artist Marc Silvestri and an original corps of writers, but it wasn't until wordsmith Ron Marz stepped in that *Witchblade* really took off. Marz weaves the fantastical with the realistic, incorporating all factions of life—including sex. Marz admits he has "no interest in pandering for prurient interest." But he's quick to add, "I've also got no interest in shying away from sexual content when there's a story reason for it." >>



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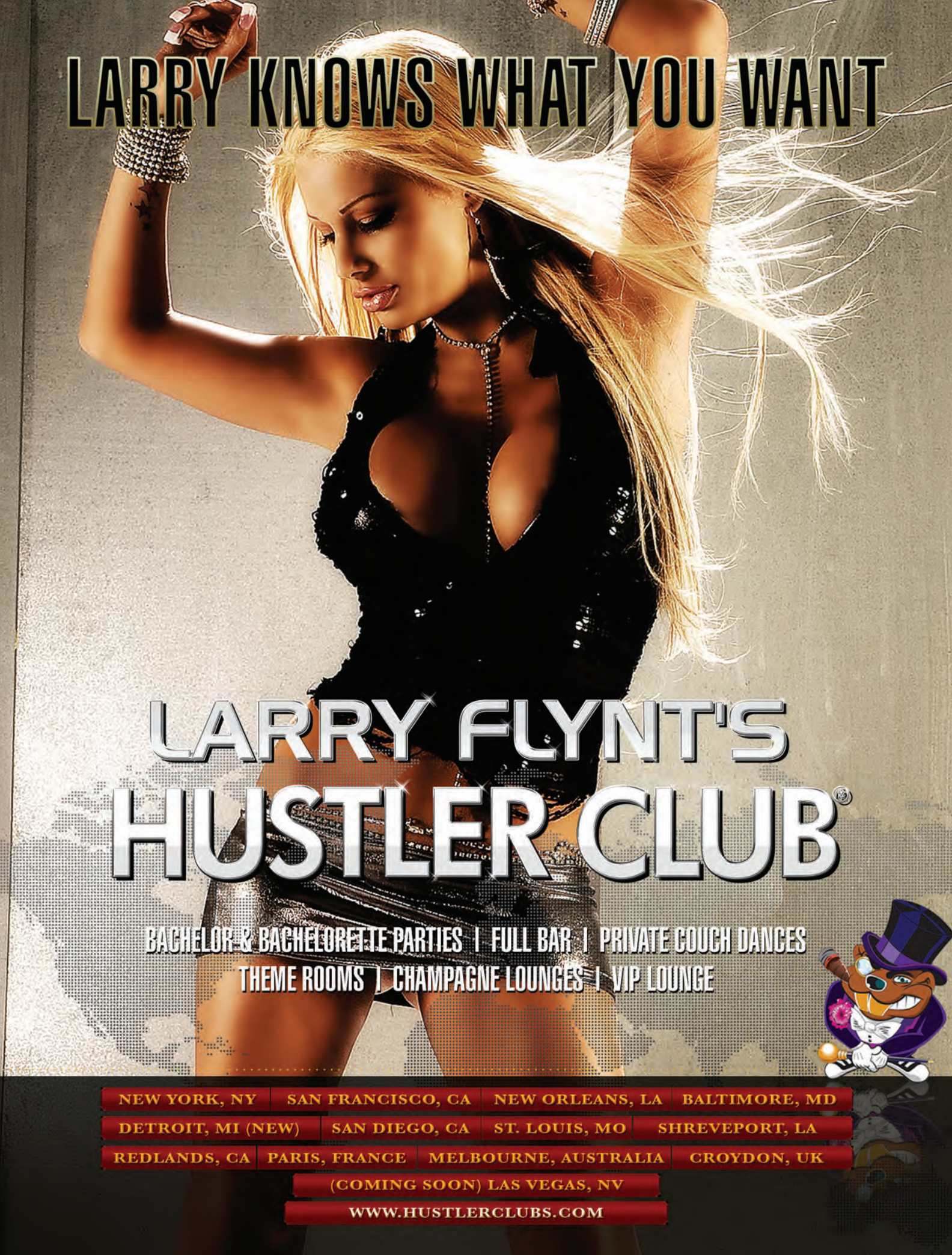
WITCHBLADE'S WILD SIDE

Witchblade, boasting sumptuous costume imagery not seen since the heyday of *Heavy Metal* magazine, also delves into the twisted recesses of comic-book storytelling. While unconscious, Sara is raped and impregnated by a host of The Darkness, engendering a mystical daughter. Patrick Gleason, one of her partners in the NYPD, loves her, but she eventually turns him away. Detective Jake McCarthy, who'd also partnered with Sara, is possessed by a demon. She cleanses the evil spirit from his mind, but the cop commits suicide to make sure it will never return. Sara's sister is brutally murdered and her baby kidnapped.

This is heady stuff directed at comic-book buffs looking for more than a superhero fix. When asked why *Witchblade* has been so successful with the older audience, Marz simply replies, "It's obviously a different kind of story than guys in costumes beating the crap out of each other. It's more a crime drama with supernatural overtones…or maybe a supernatural drama with crime overtones."

Whatever it is, it's bewitching.

Iann Robinson is a music and comic-book aficionado who has written for *Chord* magazine, the Village Voice and **CraveOnline.com**. The former MTV on-air reporter currently lives in southern Ohio with his girlfriend Mirderher of the Cincinnati Rollergirls and dogs Dorian and Sayler.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NAJ'A IRIE

When **Naj'a Irie** is on the prowl for a dude, she's looking for a very specific type. "I made up this thing called the three Ts," she discloses. "Toned, tan and tattoos! That's my own thing, so you women out there better not steal it."

But **Naj'a** isn't overly dependent on male companionship for a good time. The California cutie lays out her ideal evening: "I'd be sitting on the couch, without a care in the world, eating fat-kid food and playing Xbox in my Batman underwear!"

Naj'a also digs keeping abreast of what's new in the music world (her current faves include Bigfoot Krueger and the rapper Tyga) and curling up with a good Stephen King book. "I love horror movies and scary TV shows," **Naj'a** reveals. "My favorite is *The Vampire Diaries*, mostly because I have a massive crush on Ian Somerhalder!"

NAJ'A'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Huntington Beach, California | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 115

hunter moore's hangover

BINGE-FUCKING

INTERVIEW BY KIMBERLY CHENG

The notorious revenge-porn operator banged your girlfriend and wrecked your life—and he's still not done.

Hunter Moore, reviled founder of the now-defunct IsAnyoneUp.com, still brags about making cash off "titties and fucking people over." His website allowed angry users to post embarrassing, mostly naked pictures of anyone they wanted. It also turned into a pussy magnet for the Bay Area native. His personal slogan is "Pure Evil." No chick can say she wasn't warned.

Moore has snorted cocaine out of a woman's asshole, had sex with a grandma and paid $250 for one of his 80,000 Twitter disciples to eat shit straight out of a stranger's ass. All of it is documented online.

The pleasure junkie now crisscrosses the country, deejaying at parties where barely legals beg him for sex. After the inevitable, he plasters his blog with snapshots of the girls' shit-stained underwear and crafts tidbits about their snail trails and vagina stench.

Nothing about partying with this guy is a safe bet. But for hordes of girls, Mooremania is an addiction. One of the recent tweets he received reads: "One day I'm going to have Hunter Moore tattooed on my stomach with an arrow pointing down that says 'God Was Here.'"

HUSTLER: First things first. Are you hungover right now?

HUNTER MOORE: Yes. I feel like this every day. I'm just so used to it. It's really bad. Right now I'm thinking, *I'm never drinking again.* Then I'll literally be going on to deejay and think, *I'll just have a drink before I go on.* I'll feel amazing for two hours. Then I start all over, and I'll be right back to, well, *this* feeling. >>

PHOTO BY NATE "IGOR" SMITH

PHOTO BY NATE "IGOR" SMITH

Did IsAnyoneUp.com start because of music?

Kind of. It started in late 2010 with iChat not working. My friends wanted to see this girl I was sleeping with, so my friend Jonathan was like, "Dude, just put it up on Is Anyone Up." I already had that site for something else, so I put naked pictures up of this girl, Evelyn. A month later the site blew up. The music part came into it later on, because all the girls who were on the site just so happened to be sleeping with band guys or DJs.

At its peak, how many hits did your website get a day?

Well, a normal day was 350,000 to 400,000 unique hits. But after I appeared on Anderson Cooper's show, it was at 700,000.

There was an incident with Anderson Cooper. Some girl confronted you on the show, and you retaliated by posting a picture of her tits.

Yeah, well, an hour after that show, my friend Brody and I tag-teamed her in my hotel. It was awesome. Brody had already slept with her before. We all stayed in the same block of hotel rooms, so…

You got seconds.

Yeah, well, whatever. (*Laughs.*) It was more for the story. One for the grandkids.

You've gotten into some crazy shit in the past, like posting pictures of a GOP donor's daughter.

Oh yeah, that was horrible. I don't remember the name of the donor. He donated $50 million to the [George W.] Bush campaign, and his daughter's ex was a big fan of the site. I don't remember

PHOTO BY M.F.D. PHOTOGRAPHY/BRETT ROWLAND

the name of the girl, but she was pretty. The donor had actually passed away, but his family was very scary. You know, old Texas money. The next day I had people climbing over my fence trying to serve me papers to take it down. It was pretty gnarly, but I was protected.

It's kind of the same thing as Twitter, Facebook, Google—it's all user-submitted content. The site owner isn't liable for the content posted by a user. So I just exploited that. As long as the girls were over 18, I never got in trouble.

How did you verify they were over 18?

It's really easy, actually. If I were to take a picture of you right now on any kind of digital device, it will leave a timestamp. Only an original picture will have that. All I do is find your birthdate, find if the picture matches that data and if you were 18 at the time of the picture—you know, process of elimination. If you don't have that, or if you're underage, I use that to report the submitter and ruin their life instead of the girl in the picture.

People must get pretty pissed when you ruin their lives. What's the story behind that scar on your shoulder?

(*Laughs.*) My friends and I met these girls on the Internet. My site was still pretty new at the time, and we had a huge party at my house. We made them do some horrible things. We took pictures of them blowing lines off our dicks, and I put them on the site, all linked to the girls' Facebook, LinkedIn, any social networking site that you put too much information on.

I walked out of my house hungover the next day, and, well, I used to live in a very *ethnic* neighborhood—all Mexican people. I was looking for my key to the mailbox. Next thing I know, a whole family is coming out of a van toward me. The dad tried to fight me, but I'm much taller. He was like 5-3, and I'm 6-3. Then all the women attacked me, and one of them stuck me. I didn't even know what happened at first. They all went back to the van. I looked pretty cool going into the hospital showing this pen sticking out of my arm to girls. I didn't want to just pull it out. They had to sugically remove it. It's been a cool story. I tell girls to rub the scar.

Bet they're excited to do that.

Oh, they are.

Haven't social media sites tried to ban you?

Yeah, I have a life ban from Instagram and Facebook. I was really popular on Instagram, so I miss it. I had like 40,000 followers or something ridiculous. Facebook's attorneys sent me a cease and desist. And I would never have done this if I weren't drunk, but I got their email and literally copied a picture of my dick and sent it back to the attorneys. I don't suggest it. I wish I could take it back, because I'm just slammed in legal fees now.

Have you ever thought about writing a book like Tucker Max?

I respect what Tucker Max did, but he doesn't have anything to back it up. It could be a little exaggerated. There are stories on my site, but there are photos and stuff too. With him it's just hearsay. You could just make that up. Very good imagination. It made him a lot of money.

How much of his book do you think is bullshit?

Probably all of it, honestly. I remember a story about midgets, like he was spinning a

PHOTO BY NATE "IGOR" SMITH

midget on his dick or something. Had to have been totally made up.

Ever fucked a midget yourself?

No. Well, I've fucked girls as small as a midget, but no, not an actual midget.

What's your craziest sex story?

There's just a bunch of weird shit. I've peed in a girl's mouth, and then her friend did a bump off my dick, and then I stuck it in her friend right after that. And then I pissed out the window. But nothing like midgets or whatever. I try to stay away from shit like that.

Would you let a girl pee on you?

Oh yeah, all the time. I pay hookers to pee on me. Not because I like it or anything, but I just don't want to limit myself. I don't wanna be that guy watching pee porn because I never experienced it.

IsAnyoneUp.com was taken down in April 2012. Why?

It just got out of hand. I had people cutting off dogs' heads and having sex with them. Horrible stuff, and that's not even the worst of it. I actually had people who had posted on the site before, and the person they'd posted had passed away, and they would find the investigation photos—like if they had died in a car accident or something—and post those with them. It had gone beyond revenge. It was trying to hurt the families.

Once the death stuff started coming and the animal stuff, I was looking for a way out basically. Plus it wasn't fun anymore. So the guy who runs Cheaterville approached me to buy the site to shut it down. I told him, "Okay, give me whatever. I want it down." And, you know, no one ever focused on the positive stuff I did. (*Pauses.*) I guess there wasn't that much.

What was some of the positive stuff?

I put tons of people in jail for trying to post underage content. I was probably doing 20 to 30 reports a day for underage content. I helped schools block my site. I did a bunch of stuff for underage sexting. Little things here and there.

Which no one really knows about.

Which no one really cares about. A lot of people became sex offenders. But with that too there were a lot of 16- or 17-year-olds who found out about my site and would try to post a picture of a girl they hated. They became sex offenders because I obviously had to report it. So that sucks because now they're registered. Kids are just kind of stupid and horny.

Did you get a lot of girls soliciting you for sex?

Yeah. I still do. I have this girl, Christina, and she's bringing a bunch of her friends later. She told me to text her because we're gonna have some fun.

As in fuck.

Yeah, but with other people. She's a fan. I can't speak for her, but words like that. I've seen it before.

What's been the most extreme thing you've dealt with in terms of chicks wanting to fuck you?

In Montreal, I met two random French dudes who were fans. There were 11 girls just following us around. They had a party bus that they took to the venue because they were from Toronto or something. These 11 girls were stacked on top of each other in the hotel. (*Laughs.*) It was pretty awesome. A lot of drugs.

What's your drug of choice?

I only use cocaine.

But you deejay electronic music. No ecstasy?

I used to, but I don't anymore. It makes me really angry.

That's the opposite of what it's supposed to do. Maybe you did it too much.

Yeah, I think I'm just fried now. There's no more happy left. (*Laughs.*) No, I'm just trying to build up a big brand with music and the Internet. And boobs.

Do you have any crazy, kinky fetishes?

No, I'm pretty burnt out.

You're only 26.

Honestly, I just feel like there's nothing anymore. Even thinking about masturbating is exhausting.

You've had so much sex that masturbating is exhausting?

It's not that! It's just not there anymore. It's weird. I just feel burnt out. Actually, it's a blessing.

Why?

Because I used to go out just to fuck. But now I go out, and I'm talking to people and enjoying their company instead of just focusing on who I can fuck the whole night and being a dick to all the dudes and other shit. So I have a lot more friends now. I mean, it's not like you have to feel bad for my penis. It's all right.

It's still getting around?

Yeah, so don't feel bad.

Are you still getting a lot of hate?

For normal people it would be a lot of hate mail and shit, but for me? No. Not compared to what I used to get. No one's trying to come to a show and kill me anymore.

Are you dating anyone?

I have a girlfriend.

PHOTO BY NATE "IGOR" SMITH

And she's okay with all of this?

Well, yeah. It's kind of hard to explain. It's much easier to say you have a relationship like mine than to actually do it. It's actually really hard. We don't have sex. We have sex with other people, but not with each other.

An open relationship?

Kind of, but we don't talk about it. We don't want to know what the other is doing. And obviously all my stuff is on the Internet, so she doesn't follow me. After four years you'd think it would be ridiculous that I would still be into her sexually, but I'd rather have her in my life and not lose her than be looking at other people all the time and fucking behind her back. And the same goes for her.

Let's finish this on a positive note.

Well, I just got out of jail. I got arrested at my Webster Hall party in New York. It's happened probably about six times now. People will say that I've hit them or that I've been in a fight when I've never been involved. And then the cops will come and arrest me. And then, obviously, I have to prove that I didn't do anything.

That's not positive. What are you working on next?

I have so many projects. It's exhausting right now. I might get involved with another site, so we'll see. It will be a hundred times scarier than Is Anyone Up. It's built on Twitter. It's hard to explain. People search "Larry Flynt" or "HUSTLER," and it's all based on search engines and SEOs on Google.

Well, what I'm doing is filtering Twitter. So someone could just type "Hunter Moore" and attach a naked picture of me, and then tweet it, put it on Facebook or anything, and it will be automatically saved in our database. So when anybody searches it, even if it's been deleted from where it was originally posted, it will come up in our database. It's like a searchable Twitter with attachments. I have investors this time, so it's pretty gangster. The project name is Creep on Me, but that's not what it's actually going to be called. The investors weren't too stoked on that.

I'm also doing a national tour right now, but it's all through strip clubs.

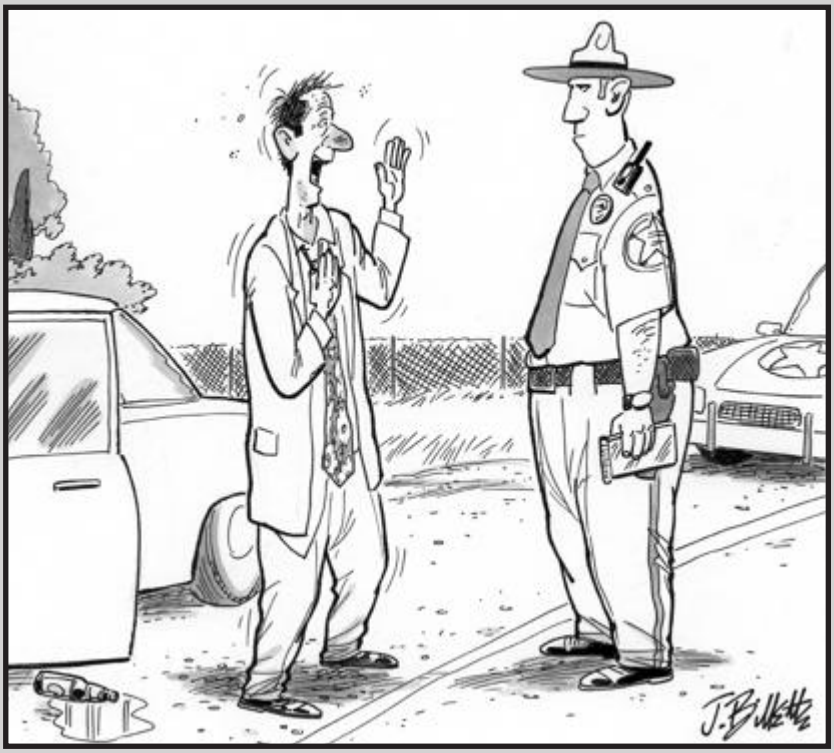
Any HUSTLER clubs?

I have no idea. I just go where I'm told, show up, do my thing. I'm not gonna lie—I've had some pretty fucking awesome times at the HUSTLER club in San Francisco. Your girls get down!

I just did a party for Brazzers in Montreal. It was fucking insane. I'm trying to move to Montreal right now. I'm obsessed because it's both English and French, which is sexy as fuck. And the women are all super attractive. The weather is awesome. And they just party so fucking hard.

Right up your alley.

Yeah. It's exhausting. I love it.



"I swear to drunk, officer. I'm not God!"

"All right, all right! You can stick it up my butt!"

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TIFFANY FOX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

FOXY LADY

If it weren't for one seriously bad break, HUSTLER readers might never have had the opportunity to ogle **Tiffany Fox**. "I was studying Web design at college when I shattered my hand," the newcomer recalls. "That made me reconsider things, and I decided to pursue modeling and music."

For **Tiffany**, posing in the buff is mostly a means of getting closer to her actual goal: becoming an internationally recognized performer. "I do DJ work, and I also write my own stuff," she explains. "I'm a strong believer that modeling will help boost my musical career."

Although trance (electronic, pulse-pounding dance music) is the genre of choice for **Tiffany**, she grew up listening to a different kind of tune: "My mother raised me on classic rock—U2, Journey, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Cheap Trick—but now I'm a true dancehead!"

As her musical career gets off the ground, **Tiffany** fantasizes about traveling the world one day, making appearances at clubs and music festivals. "It's a huge adrenaline surge," she declares. "Nothing excites me more than performing in front of a crowd when everyone's having a blast."

TIFFANY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Los Angeles, California | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 105

the unknown BELUSHI

Samurai. Frat prankster. Blues Brother. Legend. John Belushi's widow, Judith Belushi-Pisano, reveals how a klutzy high-school kid became one of the 20th century's most influential comics.

On March 5, 1982, the comic genius of John Belushi was forever silenced. The then 33-year old actor—an original cast member of *Saturday Night Live* who went on to star in the hit movies *National Lampoon's Animal House* and *The Blues Brothers*—overdosed on a "speedball" (a combination of heroin and cocaine) at Hollywood's landmark Chateau Marmont hotel. Millions of fans around the world mourned him but none more than Judith Jacklin Belushi, his high-school sweetheart, soul mate, wife and biographer.

Thirty-one years after his untimely death, Judith (since remarried) sat down with entertainment reporter Keith Valcourt to discuss all things John Belushi, including the influence he had on today's comedians, his favorite movies and the raised-eyebrow thing.

HUSTLER: When did you first meet John Belushi?

JUDITH BELUSHI-PISANO: We both went to Wheaton Central High School [in Illinois]. I had seen him around. John was two years older than me. Freshman year I was setting up the freshman mixer dance, and he was the drummer for the band. We talked a little. We had mutual friends, and so we ended up being thrown together in a group on a trip to a forest reserve, where we rented boats.

I was in the boat with John, and we started having a water fight. He pulled the oar back and accidentally smacked me. It wasn't too bad, but it left a bruise on my arm. He used that as an excuse to phone me several nights after to ask how my arm was. On the fourth or fifth night he invited me to the prom. >>

interview by Keith Valcourt

"Well, miss, I'm staring at your breasts for the same reason a little boy gazes at puppies in a pet shop window—I want to set them free and play with them!"

The prom was our first real date. He was elected prom king and had to go dance with the prom queen, and I had to dance with her partner. John was very embarrassed after he won. We had to leave right away. The crown was too small. Guess they thought someone with a smaller head would win. (*Laughs.*)

How did John get his start with the improv ensemble Second City in Chicago?

John's high-school drama teacher gave him two tickets to Second City as a graduation present. John and I went to see Second City. As we walked out that night, he turned to me and said, "This is what I want to do." He started his own improv group. From there he got into Second City as the youngest guy to ever be put on the main stage. Everyone had to go through the touring company to get to the main stage. Not John.

Do you remember any of John's Second City skits?

One of the pieces he used to play was where he was a guy in an overcoat bracing against the Chicago cold as he's being picked on by a street thug. This bully is giving him a hard time. Suddenly, John throws open his coat, and he's got two swords. He throws one to the guy, and they start dueling while John is spewing Shakespeare. He did singer/songwriter parodies. He would throw in [Joe] Cocker randomly sometimes just to end a scene.

Where did the raised eyebrow come from?

As a kid, he did work on the eyebrows to get more expressions. He would practice one side and then the other.

Was it hard to move to New York City?

We had gotten very comfortable in Chicago. It's such a great place to work. People are working together and supportive. When John got hired by *National Lampoon* [magazine] for the *Lemmings* stage show at the Village Gate, it was different. There was a much more competitive air about it.

How did John land *Saturday Night Live*?

We were doing the *National Lampoon Radio Hour*, and *Lampoon* decided to do another live show. They cast Brian Doyle-Murray, Gilda [Radner], Joe [Flaherty], Harold Ramis and John. [*SNL* producer] Lorne Michaels came to the show to look at Gilda. John was very leery of television and didn't think it was his route. When Lorne came, John wasn't interested. He didn't think, *I've gotta impress this guy.* He wasn't interested in the show at that point, but along the way the people around us started getting hired to do it, like Michael O'Donoghue and Anne Beatts, who had been writers with us on *Lampoon*.

When John heard they were being hired and then Danny [Aykroyd], he wanted to do it. He still had these mixed feelings about television, and he took that attitude when he had his first meeting with Lorne. He said something along the lines of, "I hate television. There is spit all over my television." Of course, in reality our TV didn't have spit on it.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

Lorne was left with the feeling that John was trouble, and he didn't need the hassle. Then Chevy [Chase] signed on as a writer. Everyone [O'Donoghue, Beatts, Aykroyd, Radner and Chase] knew John and were lobbying Lorne for him. Finally, Lorne said, "He'll have to audition." Which was kind of an insult to John.

What did he do for the audition?

He had been developing the Samurai character around the house. It was one of those things that maybe he hadn't even realized was a character yet. He hadn't consciously thought of it. He was watching Toshiro Mifune from Kurosawa's film on TV doing the expressions. I gave him a closet pole, which was a mistake because it was thick and heavy. He was swinging it all around. The cats were all scattering, and he had this green robe that looked a little Samurai. I suggested he do the Samurai for the audition. He said, "What do you mean do the Samurai?"

Did John really hate playing the Bees as much as we've heard?

Yeah, he did not like playing the Bees. He didn't like dressing up like women either. He knew he could be funny-looking as a woman, but it seemed so cheap to him. The Bee was like that. He thought it was nothing more than just a funny costume—a clown approach to humor, which he didn't like.

John defined himself as an actor who did improvisational comedy, but he was his own worst enemy. If you put him in a

Bee suit, he did something so funny with his head that made those antennas whirl in such a funny way, people wanted to see it again. And again. And again.

What was the filming of *Animal House* like?

Animal House was very smooth in most ways. They made good use of his time [as the frat rat Bluto]. It was while making *Animal House* that John got his education about the blues. We spent our down time watching this guy Curtis Salgado play. John and he started talking about music. Curtis became a friend, and he would come over with these blues albums. He and John would just sit there for hours listening. Curtis would talk about the history of the musicians and the writers of the songs. John really absorbed things like a sponge. Jake Blues was born as Bluto was finishing filming.

Did John enjoy doing film more than TV?

It was a tough decision for him to stop doing *Saturday Night Live*. He really enjoyed it. It was exciting, a rush doing live shows. Plus meeting everybody all the time. His early goal was to be a movie actor more than anything, and he realized he couldn't do both. It was just too much. He would have probably wanted to do another year on *SNL*, but there was the choice to do *The Blues Brothers* film or *Saturday Night Live*. Danny and he chose the film.

Where did the look and style of The Blues Brothers come from?

John had done a character at Second City called Shelly Baylas, who was sort of like Lenny Bruce. The concept was that for certain members of society to blend in and not stand out, so no one will see them doing what they shouldn't do, they have to dress in a suit and tie.

The hat came because John was wearing the porkpie hat around town as well as the dark Ray-Ban glasses. He started wearing that look before The Blues Brothers when he started to sing with musicians. Lorne [Michaels] came to see him at a club and suggested he should warm up the *SNL* audiences. John said, "Danny and I have always wanted to have a band." They started doing it as a warm-up on the show.

How would you describe John's bond with Dan Aykroyd?

Dan and John were really true best friends and had a great love for each other that was inclusive of me, which was really nice. There were guy times like when they drove across country, but I was always included in the big picture. Danny would actually stay with us. John and I lived in the West Village of New York City off Bleecker Street near Christopher Street. One time, Danny called us. "I've driven my motorcycle, and I'm wondering if I can stay with you."

We said, "Sure, where are you?"

Danny said, "I'm in some bar on Christopher Street." Oh no! He was sitting in a gay bar on Christopher Street in his biker leathers. We rushed right over to save him!

Did John have a favorite movie he did?

I assume his favorite film would be *The Blues Brothers* because of the connection [with Aykroyd]. They created it. These were characters they came up with. He liked A*nimal House* and was very proud of it. He liked *Continental Divide* but was not thrilled about his other films.

What is the one thing about him that would surprise his fans.

Probably that he could speak in full sentences. That he was well read and could carry a conversation about lots of subjects you would be surprised about.

What was it about him that has inspired so many comedians?

I think people got the sense that he was putting himself out there on the line—the boldness and truth in that. What you saw was what you got. He was very willing to work hard, and he made it look effortless. People had this impression that he just fell out of the limo and rolled up to the set, said "Food fight!" and left. But it took years of practice to get that jello sucking down.

What is John's legacy?

The work he put on film. Unfortunately, there isn't much documentation of his stage legacy, which is where I think he did his strongest work. He was very powerful onstage, but that was just for the moment.

What are you doing to preserve his memory?

I look at it like I inherited the farm [the rights to The Blues Brothers brand], and I'm trying to do what I can with it. We've started to promote projects instead of simply licensing the characters.

I wrote a television sample script with Anne Beatts to try to bring *The Blues Brothers* to television. I'm working as a producer with Danny and [*Animal House* director] John Landis to bring *The Blues Brothers* film to life on Broadway. I've got a deal with Warner Bros. and [*The Hangover* director] Todd Phillips to do a film on John's life. And we have a band, and there are two fellows that lead it: Wayne Catania [who plays Jake] and Kieron Lafferty [as Elwood] called The Official Blues Brothers Revue. We finally got them a nice tour. They were out for 60 dates.

Is John really buried on Martha's Vineyard?

I always tell people exactly where he is, and yet it remains a mystery. He used to be in the center of the cemetery in a regular plot, and when people came to visit his grave, they tended to go over other graves. So the town commission thought the best spot would be coming down the drive. I first got a beach stone to mark the plot with the Belushi name, but that was not at his head. Now there's a full plot, and it's even got a fence around it. We added a headstone with a skull and crossbones that reads, "Here lies the body of John Belushi." And it's not a lie.

What about John do you miss most?

I miss his consul—his advice.

Does it get any easier?

Definitely. Life does go on. It's changed forever, not necessarily for the worst. It was certainly very difficult and took some time to work through. There's always something that lingers, but I can now look back and know that John had a great life and that he was pretty successful. Those conclusions give me a certain peace.

"And a wine that goes well with Viagra…"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

VIVA A BUNDA!

ADRIANA SEPHORA

Adriana Sephora loves to be in close contact with her fans. The Brazilian beauty, who now resides right here in the USA, uses Twitter to keep her 21,000-plus followers apprised of goings-on in her life—from the mundane to the sublime. Thankfully, she isn't shy about posting candid pics that showcase her stunning body.

Recently, **Adriana** implored her cyberpals to join her in celebrating National Ass Day. We're not sure if this newfangled holiday has an official mascot, but it might really catch on with **Adriana**'s posterior doing the honors. As they say in Brazil, *Viva a bunda!* (Long live the booty!)

It's not just **Adriana**'s inviting ass that renders her a star in our eyes. A pair of flawless funbags, a heavenly smile and a sensual demeanor make the babe absolutely unforgettable. She oozes sex appeal. While following her on Twitter is quite a thrill, nothing beats feasting one's eyes on the nude **Adriana Sephora** in the pages of HUSTLER.

ADRIANA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: São Paulo, Brazil | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 120

Hoping to score a chick, lonely Robbie had been practicing pick-up lines all week. On Saturday night he went to a bar and gave one a try. Spotting a hot brunette in a skimpy outfit, Robbie confidently strutted over to her and asked, "What's it gonna take for me to get into those panties of yours?"

"Sorry," the babe muttered. "I've already got one asshole in there."

Question: What's the difference between the Cleveland Browns and an over-the-hill prostitute?

Answer: Nothing! They both suck for four quarters.

Little Johnny's mother decided it was time to tell her son how babies are made, so she had "the talk" with him. Afterward, Johnny just sat there silently for a few minutes. Then he asked for clarification: "So Daddy puts his thing in you, and a baby comes out?"

"More or less," his mom replied. "Do you have any questions?"

"Yes, how about dogs and cats?" Johnny wondered.

"It happens in exactly the same way as with babies," his mom answered.

"How about penguins and zebras?"

"They reproduce the same way too, Johnny."

"Wow, Mom!" little Johnny exclaimed. "Daddy will fuck anything!"

Question: What happened to the constipated composer?

Answer: He was unable to finish his last movement.

A farmer outside Walton, Kansas, recently made history by growing an entire field of organic dildos. The only downside is that he's had a load of trouble with squatters.

Question: Why did Marty quit his job at the helium factory?

Answer: Because he refused to be spoken to in that tone.

Betty was shopping in a big-box store when middle-aged Steve approached the stunning blonde. "I lost my wife," he said. "Do you mind if I stand here and talk to you for a while?"

"I'm sorry for your loss," Betty replied. "But I'm kinda in a hurry."

"Oh, she's not dead," Steve told the doll. "She's somewhere in the store, and I've gotta find her."

"How will talking to me help?"

"Because," Steve explained, "every time I'm talking to a hot chick, my wife appears out of nowhere!"

Bill walked in the front door and announced, "Honey, I invited a friend from work over for dinner tonight."

"Are you crazy?!" his bitchy wife Ann hissed. "The house is a mess, all the dishes are dirty, I haven't taken a shower yet, and frankly I don't feel like cooking some fancy meal."

"I know all that," Bill huffed.

"So why the hell did you invite this guy over?" Ann asked.

"Because the idiot is thinking about getting married."

Question: What do cannibals end up doing at a wedding?

Answer: They toast the bride and groom.

Gary came home from work early and caught his wife getting fucked by his best friend. "Henry, what the hell are you doing?!" he shouted.

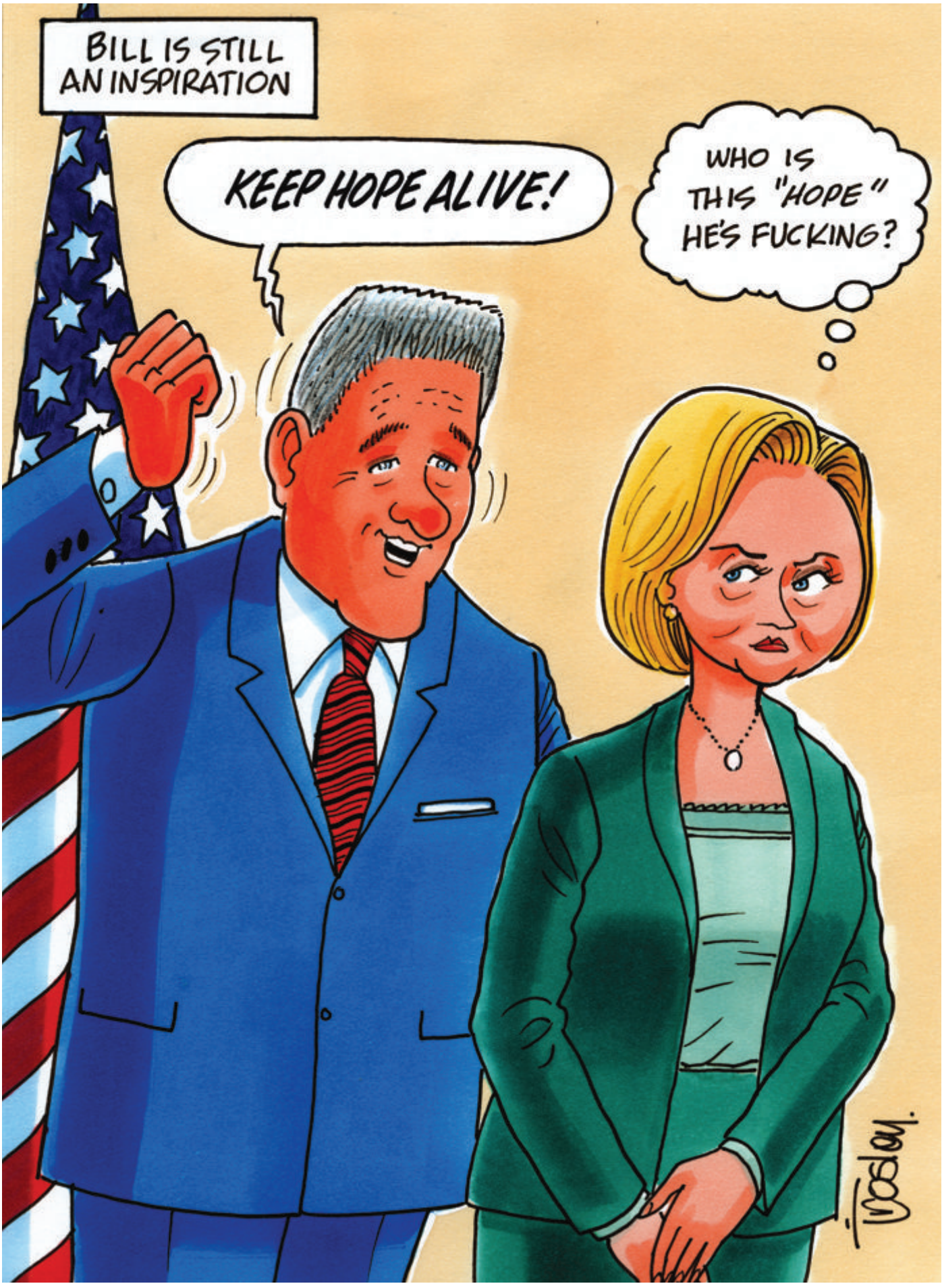
"See," Gary's wife whispered to Henry. "I told you Gary doesn't know anything about sex."

GRAFFILTHY

Here I sit in misty vapor
in a shithouse with no paper.
I don't have time now
to sit and linger.
Watch out, asshole.
Here comes finger!
FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Thanks and $50 go to B.O.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.


BILL IS STILL AN INSPIRATION
KEEP HOPE ALIVE!
WHO IS THIS "HOPE" HE'S FUCKING?

HARDCORE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Allie Haze (left and below) and Jaslene Jade enter a Grey zone.

50 Shades of Grey: An XXX Adaptation

SMASH PICTURES. DIRECTOR: JIM POWERS. STARRING: ALLIE HAZE, ALEXIS FORD, JULIA ANN, JASLENE JADE, JOHNNY CASTLE, LOGAN PIERCE & RYAN DRILLER.

"I don't make love. I fuck...hard." Those are the words of 50 Shades of Fucked Up Christian Grey. Addicts of the book trilogy will be pleased to know that illustrious smut director Jim Powers's take on the "mom porn" megaseller stays true to the story and all its kinky fuckery. Once again, hardcore beats Hollywood to the punch! Virginal Anastasia Steele, played by the doe-eyed Allie Haze (trust us, she's anything but innocent), should get your blood pumping to the right place—and give you "twitchy palms." The disobedient sub gets deservedly tied up, flogged and spanked in all her suspended, lip-biting, bushy glory. It's your greatest dream realized. That is, if your greatest dream involves whips, handcuffs and a Red Room of Pain. Blond suckdoll Alexis Ford, as smart-mouthed Kate Kavanagh, deep-throats as if there's a prize in it. Gentlemen, take note. This is how you shut a bitch up: Stuff that hole in her face. But it's the seasoned Julia Ann who schools us on how a true domme gets shit done. As the predatory Mrs. Robinson, the melon-chested MILF sets teenage Christian on his future course by ramming her cunt into his fully leathered face. Since his hands are chained behind him on a spreader bar, he's got no choice but to dive in. Yes, the mask is disturbing. But damn, is it hot. BDSM naysayers will be converted. If you can get past the soapy music, sugary *I love you*s and lack of anal punishment (we said it's just like the book), this flick will have you Fifty Shades Freed.

—Kimberly Cheng

THIS MONTH'S MASTER STROKE

Julia Ann (top) and Allie Haze throw open the ***Shades****.*

*GoGo FukMe (top left), Rosa Lane (above) and Nautica throw down for the **Asswoman** belt.*

Asswoman

WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: TB. STARRING: GOGO FUKME, NAUTICA, ROSA LANE, DEE RIDA, RICO STRONG, PRINCE YAHSHUA & NAT TURNHER.

There are two huge reasons to get lubed up for this one: 1) GoGo FukMe's left buttcheek and 2) GoGo FukMe's right buttcheek! Slicked-up, polished and pounded, the gluteus Jamaican-Chinese brick house with half the solar system and a rocket ship tattooed on her backside busts out the awesome in this otherwise standard booty roundup. (The box cover's tatless caboose, by the way, is a Photoshopped lie.) Unfortunately, GoGo doesn't open the shitpipe for business in this one, but Rosa Lane (the Latina on the undercard) sure as hell does. When Rosa's sphincter swallows that black anaconda, you'll want to watch her through a TSA scanner just to see where she puts it all. For their parts, Nautica and Dee Rida bring plenty of jiggle to the fatty tissue, padding out the disc in strokable style. You may want to go back to GoGo for seconds. If you play Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* during her cosmic scene, it syncs up better than *The Wizard of Oz*! (Especially if you light one up.) Don't listen to Roger Waters when he says that was unintentional. ***—M.J.***

Teen Truth or Dare

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: BELLA LUCIANO, KACI STARR, CASEY CUMZ, SIERRA DAY, VANESSA CAGE, TAYLOR RUSSO, RYAN DRILLER, BILLY GLIDE, ERIC JOHN, ALEX GONZ & OTTO BAUER.

Here's a new one: cock-crazy coeds doing anything to get their hands (and every last orifice) on some dick. No, of course it ain't new! But let's be honest, it never gets old. You know what else never gets old? Chicks like Bella Luciano, Kaci Starr and Casey Cumz trying to outslut each other. Forget summa cum laude. These three barely legal bookworms *cum so loudly* in their suck-and-fuck Truth or Dare, they shot straight to the top of our honor roll. Luciano's webcam peep show is a stroker's delight, but Casey Cumz really breaks the curve with a little pussy-licking (with Taylor Russo) that precedes a dude-draining tryst worthy of extra credit. Adding to the collegiate coozefest, HUSTLER's December '12 covergirl Sierra Day shows her school spirit by scoring some jock cock in the locker room, while honor student Vanessa Cage earns top marks for her cram session with the dean. If you're really serious about getting in, try adding this fuck flick to your college application. We dare you to.

—Andy Parker

Vanessa Cage (top left), Casey Cumz (top and bottom right) and Sierra Day get to the Truth.

Zoe Voss, Brooke Lee Adams (right) and Isis Love (bottom) get Dirty.

Dark & Dirty

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: APRIL O'NEIL, BROOKE LEE ADAMS, MEGAN VAUGHN, ISIS LOVE, ZOE VOSS, JOHNNY SINS, BILLY GLIDE, SASCHA, BARRY SCOTT, TONY RIBAS & TOMMY GUNN.

Monday morning porn meeting: The boss asks, "Anybody got any ideas?" Silence, somebody snores, and then some dude says, "Let's get a bunch of brunettes and fuck 'em in a back alley someplace." Another dude says, "Dude, awesome." Time for lunch. Yep, that's why they get the big bucks. Turns out it was a solid idea to get back to basics—and to kick off *Dark & Dirty* with the baby fat of Brooke Lee Adams. If more trash-dump couches had cuties like her, we'd all be alley rats. Megan Vaughn sits her black tail on some white dick for a while in a decent interlude, but skin-and-bones Zoe Voss is the real freak show, with two guys taking turns splitting her up the middle. This is notable as one of the last scenes Zoe did before wrecking her flat-chest charm with a boobjob. When will these chicks learn that their self-esteem problems are not ours? Anyway, for every girl with tiny titties, another one's swinging huge knockers. Cue Isis Love and finale honey April O'Neil. Both roll out bouncy scenes to wrap up the disc. April doesn't even show an ounce of concern that the microbes in that mattress have probably formed a civilization by now. Get this flick so you have something to talk about at your next business meeting. Remember, getting fired is a promotion if your job sucks! ***—M.J.***

*Lily LaBeau (left), Melina Mason and Juelz Ventura (bottom) test the new **Plungers**.*

Anal Plungers

JULES JORDAN VIDEO/THE ASS FACTORY. DIRECTOR: VAN STYLES. STARRING: LILY LABEAU, MELINA MASON, LEA LEXIS, JUELZ VENTURA, JAMES DEEN, MR. PETE, MARK WOOD, ALEX GONZ & CHRIS STROKES.

If this movie doesn't loosen up your clogs and get your fluids flowing, it's time to drink some Drano. Pretty as an angel, but blessed with human genitals, Lily LaBeau sets the right tone for this colonic cornucopia. Loverboy James Deen applies a butt plug to loosen her up, then works all of her holes like a certified pro. It has to be said: The man knows how to screw a pipe. Lily spreads the pleasure like warm putty, but the whole quartet of cunt in this picture is top-notch. Grade-A gapers Melina Mason and Lea Lexis lay down some Olympic-level ass splits, with the scenes stretching on as long as the cameraman can hold up the camera and the dude's obviously thinking, *I need to fuck that shit one more time*. As strokeworthy as her predecessors are, they're just warm-up for Juelz Ventura's gourmet sandwich. If the box cover is to be trusted (and we have no reason to think it can't), this is Juelz's first double plunge, which turns out to be more of a roto-rooter situation. In other words, sweet Juelz gets all of her pipes reamed in a sweaty two-man job that will make you wonder how one little girl can put away that much dick. *Anal Plungers* ain't elegant. But like any reliable plumber, it flashes a shitload of ass crack and gives you your money's worth. ***—M.J.***

STROKE OF GENIUS

BY LUX ALPTRAUM

There's nothing like an honest-to-god, flesh-and-blood vagina, but technology is getting damn close. Fleshbot.com's editor and publisher—a living, breathing female—sizes up the latest breakthroughs in sex toys for men.

Over the past few decades there's been a dramatic change in the world of sex toys for women. Once populated by jelly rubber devices powered by cheap motors, the market has shifted to favor sleek, stylized gadgets with smart tech. Sex toys for men, on the other hand, have lagged behind, remaining largely unchanged—when they're even marketed at all.

But thanks to the efforts of a few pioneers, what was a barren desert is now starting to bloom with an array of exciting new gizmos. From chicly designed masturbation sleeves to vibrators to products that strive to simulate the real deal (or at least get as close as technology can), the world of sex toys for men has gotten a whole lot more interesting. And from what we can tell, it's only going to get better.

A Sexier Sleeve

If you're familiar with any male sex toy on the market today, it's probably the Fleshlight. For the past decade the masturbation sleeve disguised as a flashlight has been flying off shelves (and satisfying customers). At first glance there's nothing particularly innovative about the Fleshlight. After all, it's been a tried-and-true product in the male sex-toy market for quite some time now.

But there are several things that set the Fleshlight apart from its predecessors: First and foremost, there's the matter of feel. Unlike previous sleeves and strokers, the Fleshlight is lined with a patented material known as SuperSkin, which feels a lot more lifelike than the jelly rubbers and cyberskins of the past. And that's not the only upgrade. Over the years, Fleshlight has rolled out numerous variations on the company's original model, providing consumers with a wide variety of textures and sensations to meet the needs of many different men. (Or just keep things interesting for those who like to play the Fleshlight field.)

But while Fleshlight is currently dominating the masturbation-sleeve market, an upstart from across the Pacific is looking to unseat it. Like Fleshlight, Japan's Tenga produces hard-shelled masturbation sleeves lined with a load of magical textures. But instead of the Fleshlight's comically oversized "flashlight" shell, Tenga's strokers come in sleek casings that wouldn't look out of place in an Apple store.

In keeping with its emphasis on high design, Tenga's latest line of masturbatory products is a collaboration with none other than painter Keith Haring (or his estate, anyway). A series of sleeves is decorated with Haring's pop art (and studded on the inside with a texture based on his iconic figures). Granted, the pretty packaging may not make the toys feel better, but it could do a lot to help mainstream the male sex toy.

Vibrators for Men

As a general rule, vibrators are thought to be strictly for women, but ladies aren't the only consumers who can enjoy these hummers. Technically, most vibrators intended for women can actually be considered unisex. Now there's a new cock-pleaser on the block: a handful of products specifically geared toward giving boys a buzz.

Given that Fleshlight has already helped to revolutionize the masturbation sleeve, it's possible that the company will help kickstart the market for male vibrators too—or at least help men realize that vibration can feel just as good on dicks as it does on clits. According to our testers (see "Techno Fluffers"), the Fleshlight Vibro is an easy entrance into the world of vibration. Half masturbation sleeve, half vibrator, it offers the traditional pleasures of a male sex toy combined with a little bit of extra sensation.

On the less traditional end of the spectrum is Fun Factory's Cobra Libre. Like the Fleshlight Vibro, it's a dual masturbation sleeve/vibrator. But unlike the Vibro, the Cobra Libre—a relatively shallow toy—focuses far more on the vibration than the squeeze. The sleeve serves mainly to embrace the head and stimulate it with vibration. Although the Cobra Libre's glans-only approach may seem odd, it's actually helped the product overcome one of the biggest challenges faced by male sex toys: With this one, size doesn't matter.

The (Almost As Good As) RealTouch

With their fantasy textures and motorized motion, masturbation sleeves and vibrators strive to offer a sexual sensation that's totally unlike partnered sex. But one appropriately named company is hoping its product will be able to mimic the real thing.

Over the years, the RealTouch has evolved from a masturbation sleeve programmed to sync with specially coded porn clips to one that can be triggered remotely by a dildo-shaped joystick. It's tempting to lump the product in with the teledildonics experiments of yesteryear. But as the company's general manager, Scott Rinaldo, will happily tell you, the technology behind the RealTouch is miles ahead of anything else out there.

TECHNO FLUFFERS

FROM BEST TO SUCKIEST

Cobra Libre (Fun Factory)

Vibrating stimulator with ergonomic design for easy handling. The touch-pad control feature makes this one sleek and unassuming. It's so quiet, you could take it into a movie theater. Says Marco Banderas: "This feels good. I could cum to this. I like the way it gets warm inside too. It's romantic."

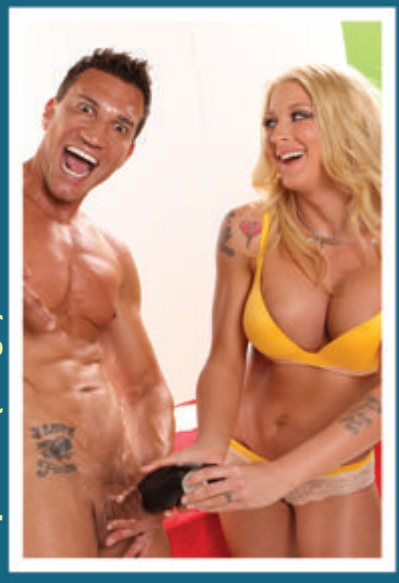
Rating: ***BLAST OFF!***

RealTouch Interactive

This is a loud-and-scary masturbator that attaches to your PC. It doesn't resemble a pussy or ass. But once you get past the pencil-sharpener noise, the warm rubber inside can feel very pleasurable. Too many cords, though, and the software isn't easy to use. Says Evan Stone: "It's cool. I could probably cum with this."

Rating: ***FORCED ORGASM***

Flip Hole (Tenga)



Hard-case masturbation device with a soft center and vacuum pump. This is one of the most out-of-the-box designs for a fuck sleeve. You'll feel tech-savvy jerking off with this. Says Anthony Rosano: "It looks like Mega Man. Sure, why not?"

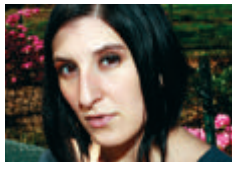
Rating: ***SYNTHESIZED SPURTING***

What's the secret? The same thing that's helped improve video games, personal computers and mobile phones: a tactile feedback technology known as haptics. The fine-tuned response of haptics allows the RealTouch to offer intricate stimulation patterns—ones that, with the help of its joystick, can correspond to the sensation of actually being stimulated by a remotely located partner.

While it's still too early to tell if RealTouch's technology will transform the sex-toy market, the product has shown a great deal of promise. And if the haptic technology manages to live up to the hype, it's possible that RealTouch will be the beginning of an entirely different sex-toy experience for both men and women.

The Butt and Beyond

Of course, amid all the talk of vibrating sleeves and simulated sex, it can be easy to forget that there's a category of male sex toys that's been quite popular for years: the prostate massager. While they've benefited from the same improved materials and design as other sex toys, what's really helped these deep ticklers take off is a reduction in stigma and a greater acceptance of sexual implements and exploration. That evolution will help to drive the male sex-toy market from here on out. Before all the high-tech gadgets and elegant designs, what really started to change the female sex-toy market was a movement toward destigmatizing women's pursuit of sexual pleasure. And, more importantly, getting them to talk openly about masturbation and about what they want from their sex toys. The male sex-toy market still doesn't have the same level of customer feedback to help it swell and improve. But hopefully the toys that are out there will help encourage even more men to start exploring… and to start bragging about their 21st-century blasts.



For more by Lux Alptraum go to Fleshbot.com

DISCLAIMER: *The ideas expressed in this article are those of the authors, are for informational and entertainment purposes only and do not constitute medical advice of any kind. The ideas, views and opinions expressed therein are not those of HUSTLER Magazine, LFP Publishing Group, LLC, or any of its affiliates, successors or assigns.*

"Well, they're even more advanced than we thought. He got the condom on on his first try!"

Fleshlight Original

This iconic fuck sleeve is a well-sculpted piece of cyberskin pussy. You can slap it, squish it and make gushy noises with it. The inside is inviting; the outside looks like a flashlight. No one would suspect it for a sex toy. Says Derrick Pierce: "It's cool. It's a good toy. All I got to do is clean it out."

Rating: *GOO TIMES*

Vibro (Fleshlight)

Everything you love about the Fleshlight, plus a mini-vibrator bullet to toss into the hole. A vibrating button would have been easier, but it's still fun. Says Otto Bauer: "It feels almost as good as a hand."

Rating: *RELOADED*

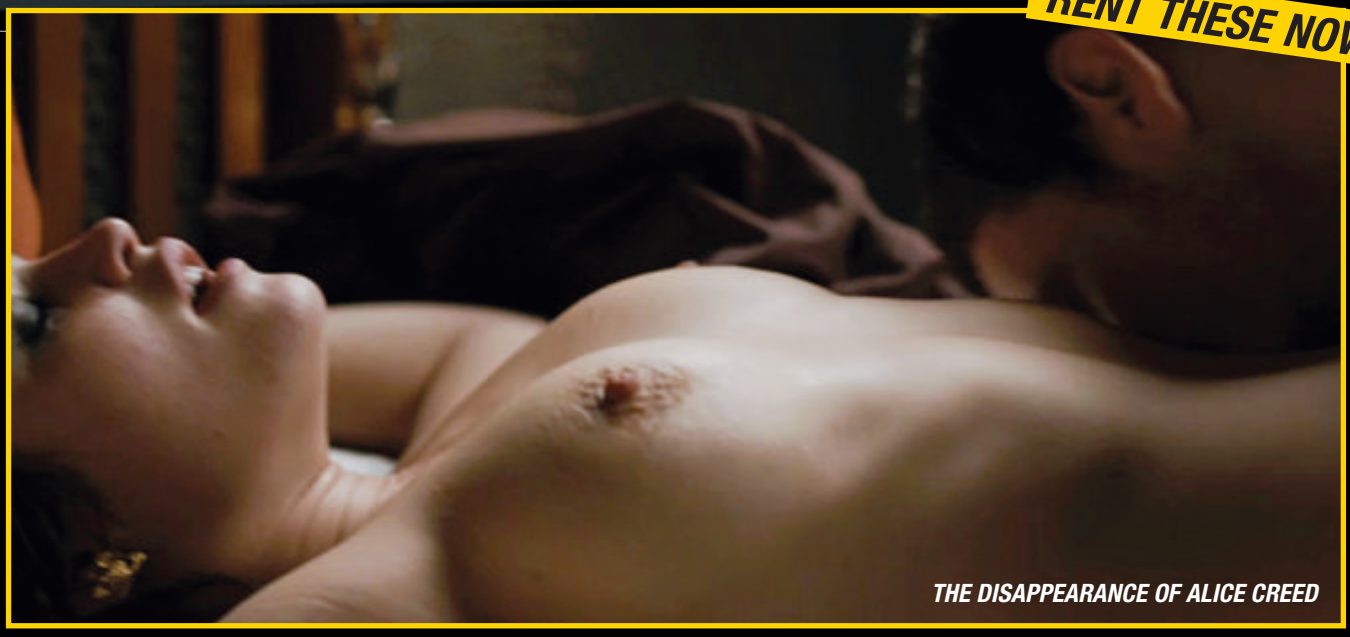
By Oriana Small aka Ashley Blue

Go to BabeLand.com and GoodVibes.com to order any of these gizmos.

MOVIE Mammaries

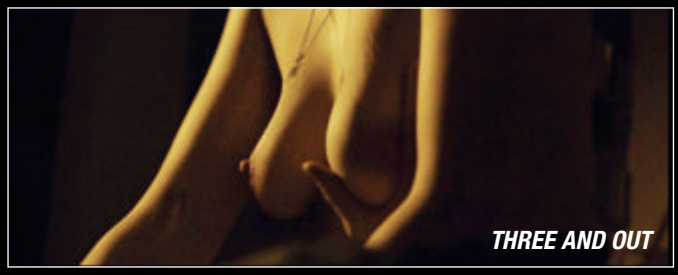
GEMMA ARTERTON: BOLD BRIT'S BOOBS

RENT THESE NOW!



THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ALICE CREED

PIRATE RADIO



THREE AND OUT

Gemma Arterton may not be a household name in America just yet. But thanks to a starring role in the upcoming big-budget flick *Hansel and Gretel: Witch Hunters*, we suspect that it won't be long before this British babe's name is on the tip of U.S. moviegoers' tongues.

Gemma got her big break with a part in the James Bond movie *Quantum of Solace* (2008). That same year she appeared in Guy Ritchie's *RocknRolla* and starred as the titular character in a BBC television version of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. More importantly for HUSTLER readers, Gemma landed a role in the comedy *Three and Out* (2008). Also titled *A Deal Is a Deal* , the flick called for the actress to briefly bare her boobs.

But the striking brunette's most daring performance to date was in *The Disappearance of Alice Creed* (2009), an edgy drama about two guys looking for a big ransom payoff by kidnapping a wealthy man's daughter. The suspenseful film is packed with twists and turns, not to mention some provocative footage of Gemma's character topless and tied up.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ALICE CREED

After appearing in the ensemble piece *Pirate Radio* (2009), Gemma was cast in a pair of special-effects-heavy Hollywood pics, *Prince of Persia: The Sands of Time* (2010) and *Clash of the Titans* (2010). *Hansel and Gretel: Witch Hunters*, slated for an early 2013 release, will showcase Gemma alongside Jeremy Renner and fellow Eurobabe Famke Janssen. While we're rooting for Gemma to become a big-time star, we hope she never gets so successful that she shuns the onscreen nudity that made us fans.

"Oh Christ, Brice. It's the Gay Reaper!"

ASTRONAUGHTY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

ALESKA DIAMOND

Ava (**Aleska Diamond**) has always loved the cosmos. When she was younger, she wanted to travel on one of the space shuttles. As an adult, Ava became fixated on fucking an astronaut.

After devoting years to this quest, Ava realized that her dream might never become a reality. There were only so many astronauts to go around, so Ava decided that she'd settle for banging an astrophysicist. When she met one—a brainiac named Peter (**Otto Bauer**)—at her favorite dive, Ava wasted no time in luring him to her bed.

The next morning, Ava had a rude awakening. "That was amazing," she told her paramour. "Now I can say I fucked an astrophysicist. My parents are gonna be so proud."

"Oops," Peter replied. "You must have misheard me at the bar. I'm an Astroturf salesman."

"Oh, well," Ava cooed."At least I got laid."

For another Aleska Diamond sexploit, we strongly recommend *Barely Legal #109* from HUSTLER Video. Call (323) 651-5400 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com** to order.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

NIKKI DELANO
THE SUPERSTAR

LOCATION: Brooklyn, New York

AGE: 26

PROFILES: Twitter.com/NikkiDelanoClub
Facebook.com/NikkiDelanoClub
NikkiDelano.com

A XXX actress for barely a year, Nikki Delano has already gotten down-and-dirty in more than 30 flicks. She's got what it takes! Despite her diminutive stature, the 4-foot-10 darling has enormous presence onscreen, online and away from the camera thanks to her head-turning looks and breathtaking 32D-24-32 figure.

Nikki, who's racked up several industry awards (most notably *NightMoves*' Best Latina Performer), is busy 24/7. Besides shooting her latest scenes, she travels around the country for personal appearances at porn events and feature-dancing gigs at strip clubs. Add in a constant stream of chitchat and photo updates via Twitter, Facebook, Tumblr and Instagram, and it's easy to see that this smoldering mix of Puerto Rican, Colombian and Italian DNA likes to be in the spotlight…and tiptop shape.

"I love the gym!" Nikki exclaims. "Fitness, baby, all the way! I consider the gym my second home."

Indeed. The busty beauty's social-media pages tantalize viewers with plenty of shots of Nikki pre- and post-workout—hot, sweaty and delicious in a variety of sexy gym attire. But don't let her exercise-fanatic persona fool you. Nikki loves to dress up for herself and fans in everything from snazzy cutoffs and bikinis to black stilettos and low-cut dresses worn like a second skin.

Along with sex and fitness, Nikki has a passion that makes her even more admirable: higher learning. The uninhibited twentysomething, who's fluent in Spanish and French, earned a bachelor's degree in forensic psychology with a minor in criminology. "I'm a firm believer in following your dreams," Nikki says. "No matter what obstacle comes your way!"

GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY BY DDG PHOTOS

EL GORDO Y LA FLACA PHOTOS COURTESY LFP/DULCE MEDIA

ALISON TYLER
THE GLAMAZON

LOCATION: Los Angeles, California

AGE: 22

PROFILES: Twitter.com/MissTylerXXX
AlisonTyler.Tumblr.com

When it comes to curvaceous and statuesque eye candy, 6-footer Alison Tyler has few (if any) rivals. No wonder the former Greenpeace worker has been cast in more than 50 XXX films.

In addition to her stellar amorous talents, Alison has the stamina to keep up with porn's relentless studs. "I was a jock in high school," she reveals, "and I'm still competitive and very athletic. I love to stay active and fit."

Alison's into hiking, camping, "shopping of course" and painting, but her favorite outdoor hobby is horseback riding. "I've been a cowgirl almost my whole life," she hoots.

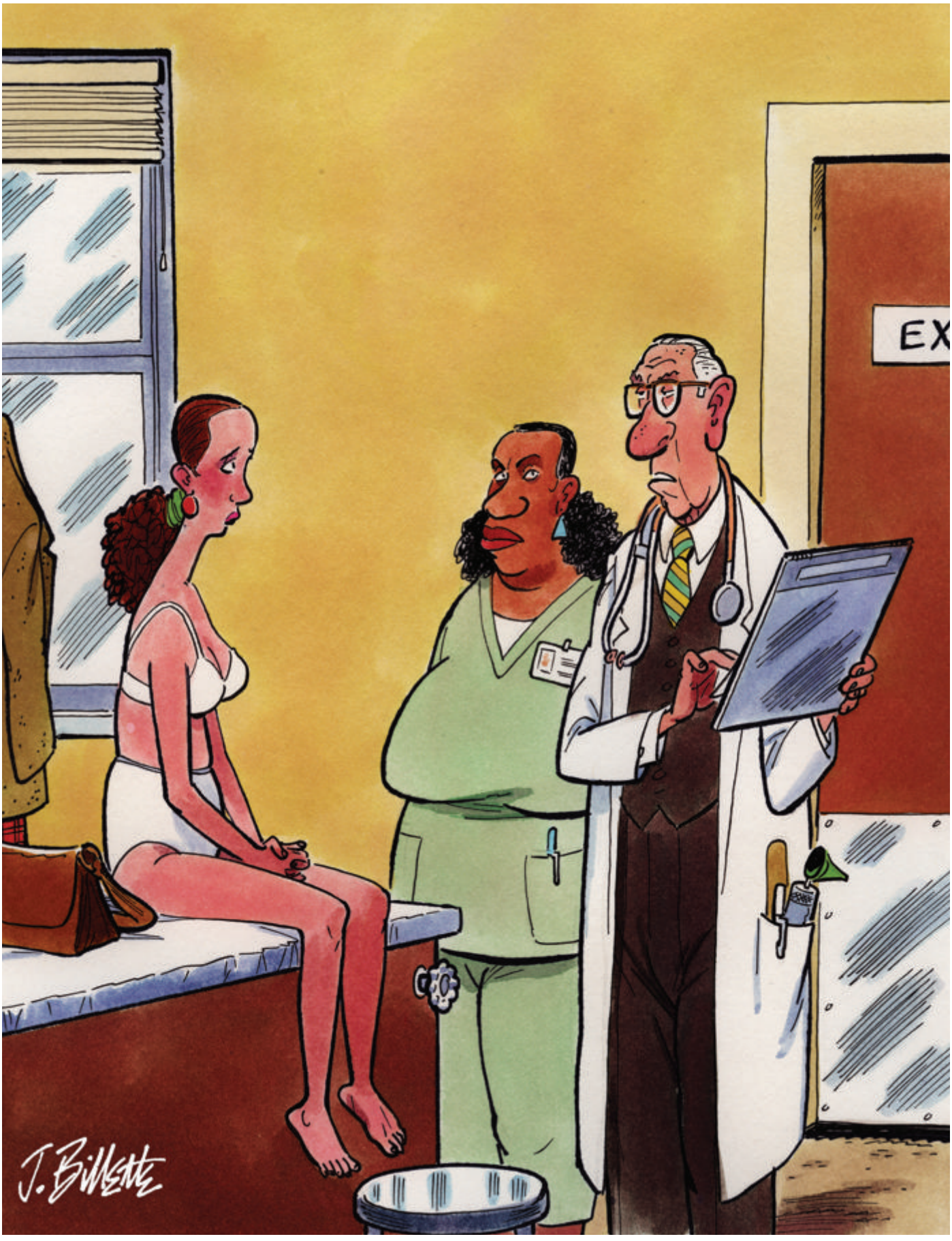
As for riding the saddle in the figurative sense, Alison confides, "I've been pretty experimental. I really love helping other people live out their sexual fantasies. I get off on that. Not everyone has been able to experiment the way I have."

Alison is definitely a wildcat: "I love that people in the industry don't judge me. If I tell fellow performers that I want to do a six-man anal gangbang while being suspended from the rafters of an old barn, they'd probably say that was fucking rad. Whereas most outsiders would think I'm nuts."

Working in the XXX biz has exposed Alison to some experiences the average person would never dream of. "I will never forget doing a Christmas orgy with Ron Jeremy as Santa," the self-proclaimed recreational gynecologist marvels. "But my all-time favorite male performer to work with is Manuel Ferrara. As for women, I have thoroughly enjoyed every single one of them. So yummy!"

Part 2, starring Sarah Jessie and Jen Capone, coming next month.

BARELY LEGAL #127 PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO



"You've contracted a sexually transmitted disease, but don't be alarmed. This happens to a lot of slutty, liberal young women these days."

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"I love watching basketball even though I'm not that great a player. I think I'm more cut out for guys watching me without clothes on."

CLOVER

Finding a four-leaf clover is said to bring good luck, but y'all are luckier than ever getting to ogle this greenhorn nude model out of Amherst, Massachusetts. As fresh as a daisy, 18-year-old Clover asserts, "I follow my goals and ambitions. A really big one was to be naked in HUSTLER." The 5-foot-3 single babe goes on to disclose, "I'm friendly, caring and fun to hang out with. I like playing guitar, football and video games, especially *Call of Duty*. My favorite TV show is *The Walking Dead* because I love zombies, and my favorite rock band is Modest Mouse." Anything but modest, Clover confides, "I'm straight and passive, and I really love getting fucked doggy-style." Since providing a sexual fantasy is a Beaver's call of duty, Clover kindly coos, "A really hot guy comes over to fix my cable just as I'm getting out of the shower." —Photos by Friend

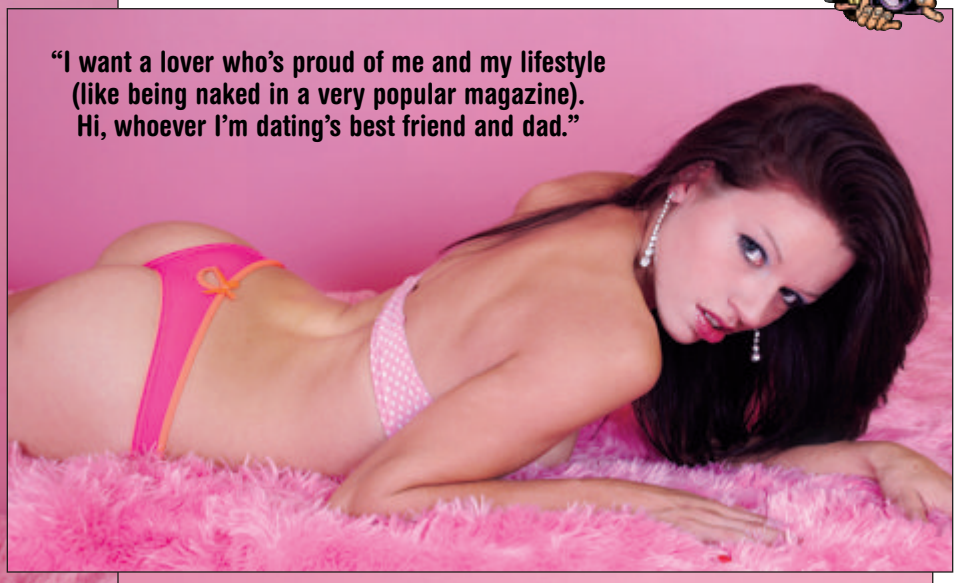
MS. KANDI

It's been a spell since we showcased a Beaver born during the Eisenhower Administration, so behold Ms. Kandi, 58, from Gulfport, Mississippi. "I'm a kinky, bisexual housewife," reveals the 5-foot-9 Magnolia Stater, whose fave pastimes are "shopping for sexy clothes" and doing the dirty deed. "I love doggystyle," Ms. Kandi avows, "and being on my back with my nylon-covered legs and high heels wrapped around my man. My wildest escapade was with two guys in a forest preserve, and my wildest fantasy is to be tied up and taken advantage of by a group of younger men and women." —Photos by Husband

"I'm all about making a man happy."

CATALINA KARMA

When this aspiring nurse practitioner from Slidell, Louisiana, gets a jezebel urge, she often hankers for a "muscular cowboy with nothing but a hat on." We'll tip our hat to Catalina Karma because the "completely straight" 20-year-old is bound to stiffen a ton of love muscles by showing up here with nothing on but designer handcuffs. "I'm motivated and dedicated in a classroom, in the bedroom and in front of a camera," proclaims the 5-foot-1 hottie, whose kicks include "dancing to all kinds of music, from country to rap to rock," *Jersey Shore* and candlelit bubble baths. "Whenever I masturbate," Catalina concludes, "I make believe that Shia LaBeouf is making me come. He's the sexiest man alive." —Photos by Friend



"I want a lover who's proud of me and my lifestyle (like being naked in a very popular magazine). Hi, whoever I'm dating's best friend and dad."

"My boyfriend at the time was in a car accident, and it was kinda my fault. Oops! So I fucked him in the hospital—got down right before a nurse walked in."

SASHA

"I am extremely comfortable nude, not to say I have no flaws," says Sasha, 24, a "goofy and smart" MILF from Massillon, Ohio. "But I feel very lucky to have been blessed with a body to be proud of, and what better place to show it off? I like surprising people." The 5-foot-4 neophyte also likes billiards, movies (topped by *The Big Lebowski* and *Caddyshack*), reptiles (her pet turtles and snakes), football ("Go Steelers!") and sex. "I understand that my looks can get me a guy," Sasha acknowledges, "but they're not going to keep one around. It's sexy first, then I show a fun side, then I shock that fucker with a bit of intelligence. Throw in a few killer blowjobs, and that'll keep a guy around for a while. I've been told I suck a pretty mean dick." Sasha—a fan of road head, anal and cumming—adds, "I am bi-curious but very intimidated by women, probably 'cause I secretly want to fuck them. So my fantasies are to have sex with one hot girl, then two girls, with Bob Dylan and in a Walmart. That's four. I must be feeling frisky!"

—Photos by DavidKPhotos.com

BARBIE

"I love being naked!" raves this "free-spirited, wild and seductive" nursing student from Waco, Texas. "Other than an orgasm, it's the best feeling ever!" Making a curtain call as a March birthday girl, Barbie will be turning 22 and is very willing to open up. "Stripping pays the bills," hoots the 5-foot-9 ex-cheerleader and wanton public flasher, who's never short of thrills: "I'm always up for giving head to guys and going 69 with chicks. I also like being choked and getting my huge breasts sucked and squeezed. My fave positions are doggy-style and on top." Coitus interruptus: Barbie relishes "cheesy horror movies" and porn. The running aficionada's fantasy is "to have a hot guy with a big dick fucking me in the ass on a beach at sunset!" —Photos by Ron Neumann

ISLYN

"I'm not ashamed to show off my body," announces Islyn, 20, a "very friendly and outspoken" ticket-seller from Del Mar, California. "I've been naked at a lot of places: beaches, hotels, churches and the cineplex where I work." Besides adding *Beaver Hunt* to her flaunting résumé, the 5-foot-2 newbie has sewn a personal trailer: "My favorite hobby is designing and making outfits. I also like listening to Rihanna and Nicki Minaj; watching *The Secret Life of the American Teenager*, *1000 Ways to Die* and *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*; and anything to do with horses." Islyn's secret life: "I'm bi. I love doggy-style, threesomes and role-play. I made a sex video with some friends. My fantasy is to have an Eiffel Tower threesome. I'm not *into* anal sex, but I have done it and kind of enjoyed it a little." —Photos by Friend

"I have my best orgasms when I'm being eaten out and fingered."

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SO, MISTER, IF I HOP IN BED WITH YOU, ARE YOU GOING TO STICK YOUR BIG OL' DING-A-LING INTO MY WHATCHAMACALLIT?
AW SHIT, I COULD BE DEALING WITH AN UNDERAGE GIRL HERE!
WINNERS

NAILING THE JOB

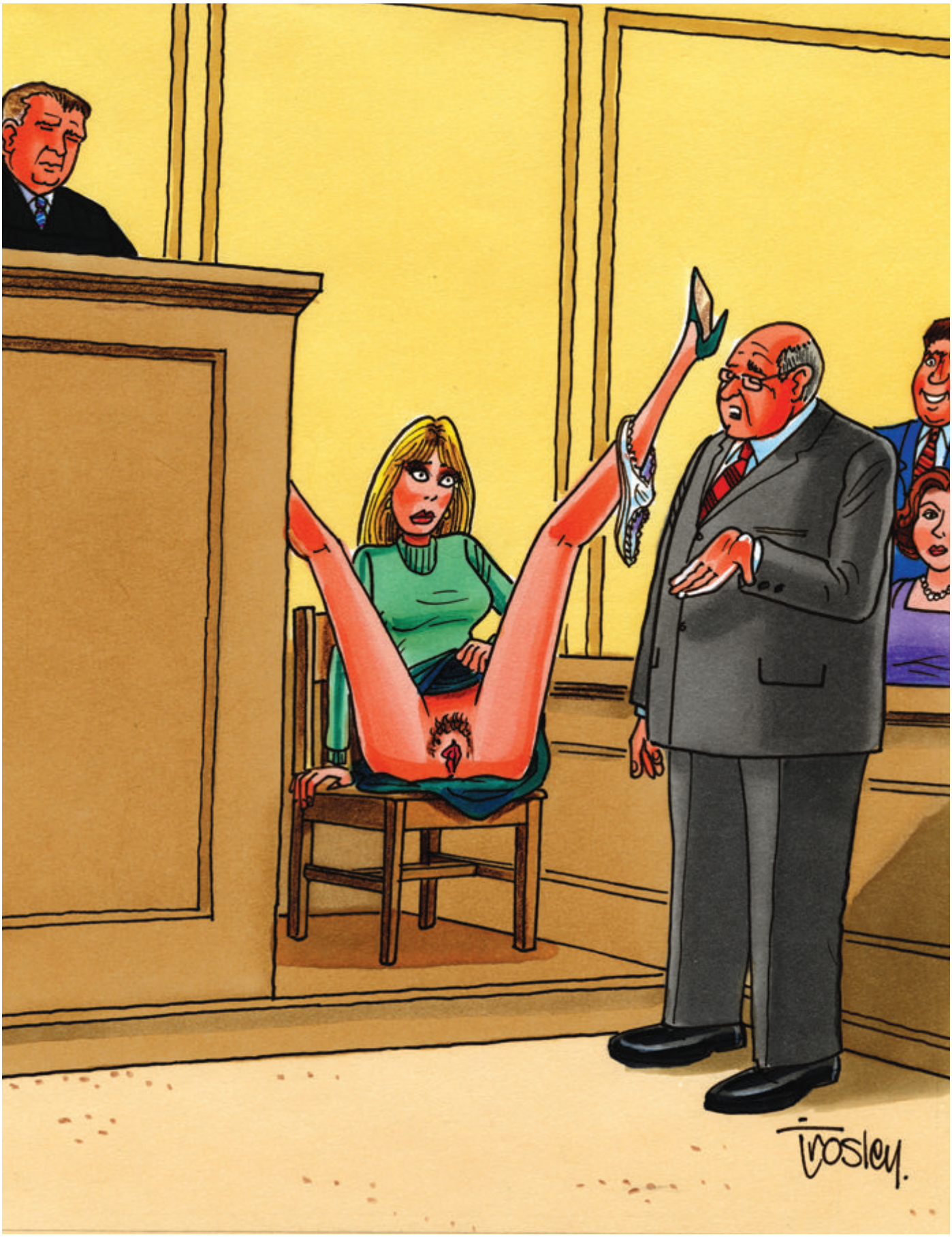
PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

In today's uptight corporate world, it's difficult to know what is and isn't acceptable conduct at the workplace. To clear up any confusion, HUSTLER has assembled this helpful guide.

First, **Dillion Harper** and **Alec Knight** demonstrate the proper way to resolve tension between a boss and secretary. Don't bitch about each other to your coworkers. Just schedule a steamy fuck session in the conference room. That's okay, isn't it?

With companies cutting back on perks, managers often struggle to keep their employees motivated. **Brynn Jay** provides an example of her innovative reward system. Every time **Billy Glide** makes a sale, he gets five minutes alone with her in the executive orgy room. That's a real thing, right?

Finally, **Natalia Robles** and **Chris Charming** show us what is unacceptable in the office environment. We don't have any objection to a couple of colleagues banging each other silly, but most employers draw the line at ejaculating on an underling's boobs.



"No, Miss Haney. I mean where did the rape take place, as in an alley, a car, a motel room…the actual location it occurred."

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MUFFY: AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

Muffy, HUSTLER's high-toned Honey, offers ass with class. "A man with style makes my blood boil," **Muffy** told us. We don't know much about fashion, but we'd be willing to wear just about anything so long as it got Muffy hot enough to disrobe.

The April '13 issue goes on sale January 22, 2013. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

JADE COUTURE

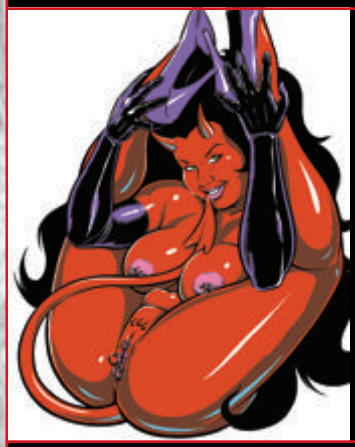
COMING NEXT

RICK YUNE: THE MAN BEHIND THE IRON FISTS

"My definition of a movie star is a guy women want to fuck and a man other men want to be," says Rick Yune. By portraying guys you don't want to fuck with, the martial-arts virtuoso is on the verge of becoming Hollywood's next big action hero. With 2001's *The Fast and the Furious* and the James Bond film *Die Another Day* under his belt, he's now added *The Man With the Iron Fists.* Interviewed by reporter Craig Modderno, Yune discusses clubbing (not the violent variant), wooing hotties, what he's learned from three of cinema's he-men and his favorite guilty pleasure.

REMEMBERING HOLLIE STEVENS: XXX'S FAVE CLOWN

"Hollie was eager to experiment," recalls gonzo journalist Scott Fayner. Hence her willingness to don a wacky wig in the hardcore farce *Clown Porn* and similar flicks. Hollie Stevens recently lost her battle with cancer, but she was a goofball to the very end. Fayner's photo-filled tribute weaves his own remembrances with those of Hollie's husband, extreme-XXX director Khan Tusion and her onetime roomie. See why Oriana Small aka Ashley Blue gushes, "Laughter was definitely Hollie's gift to the world."



DEVIL'S PLAYTHINGS

We've come to the conclusion that Christopher Cooper aka Coop is one hell of an artist. His illustrations have graced everything from band posters (The Foo Fighters, Nirvana) to Kustom Kulture hot rods to galleries around the world. Coop's sexy pinups include devil dolls, and who doesn't dig a piece of tail with little horns? So don't miss our look at his sensational new book *The Art of Coop: Idle Hands.* Your hands may not be idle for long.

WHY WEED WILL WIN

Larry Flynt advocates legalizing marijuana, and even conservative preacher Pat Robertson lamented that the War on Drugs "hasn't succeeded." Allison B. Margolin, L.A.'s "dopest attorney," has represented a number of clients prosecuted by the federal government for engaging in an activity many states have legalized: the cultivation and sale of medical marijuana. Margolin and associate J. Raza Lawrence not only describe how families have been unjustly torn apart and taxpayer dollars squandered, but also outline a strategy to make pot-smoking as legal as guzzling beer.